Friends®

THE CHEVY OWNERS' MAGAZINE

JULY 1978

ARE YOU GAME TO TRY WHITE-WATER RACING?

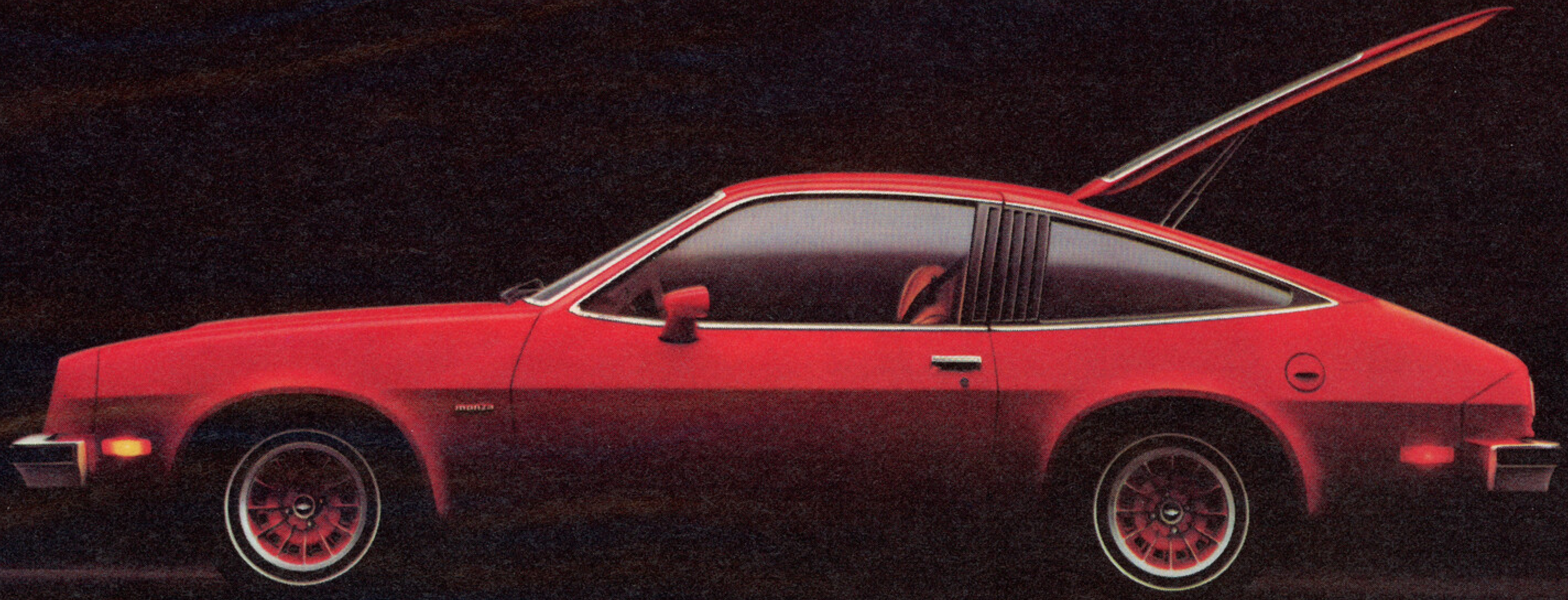
CHARMING CHARLESTON

WHERE CHEVY'S HEADING IN PASSIVE RESTRAINTS

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

NEW CHEVY MONZA.

THE ONLY ECONOMY CAR NAMED AFTER A RACE TRACK.



'78 Chevy Monza 2+2 Hatchback Coupe.

Sporty. Monza, Italy. One of the fastest race tracks in the world. And like its namesake, Chevy Monza is a thrill to drive. To take out on the open road and enjoy. To take into a corner and come out impressed.

Well equipped. Every Monza sports such standard equipment as bucket seats, white stripe tires, bumper rub strips, carpeting, and more. Things that are likely to cost extra on some other cars.

Low priced. With all kinds of standard equipment and exciting moves, you might think that Monza is going to be priced at all kinds of money. Well, think again, because a new Chevy Monza 2+2 Hatchback Coupe is priced at only $3659. That's the manufacturer's suggested retail price including dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charges, and available equipment extra. Priced higher in California. Sport mirrors (shown above) $32 extra. Deluxe wheel covers (shown above) $39 extra.

EPA ESTIMATES: 34 MPG HWY/24 MPG CITY. With standard 151 CID engine and 4-Speed manual transmission. California EPA estimates 31 mpg hwy, 21 city. Your mileage will vary depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and available equipment. Monza is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

Chevrolet

SEE WHAT'S NEW TODAY IN A CHEVROLET.

Friends

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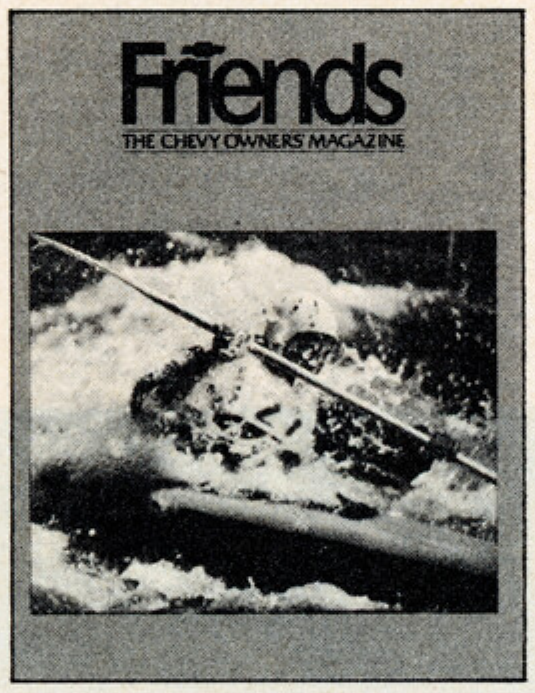

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FRIENDS will pay $25.00 to any Chevrolet owner who submits a photograph, taken by himself or a member of his family, that is accepted for publication on the owners' pages. Photographs must be submitted by the owner and marked as being for the owners' pages. Submissions may be black-and-white enlarged prints or color transparencies only (35-mm slides are fine). Please do not submit color prints or color negatives. Submissions not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Photographs accepted will be returned after publication. Pack pictures carefully so they will not crack or bend and enclose a short description of each telling where it was taken. Mail photographs to: Picture Editor, FRIENDS Magazine, 30400 Van Dyke, Warren, MI 48093. FRIENDS can assume no responsibility for pictures lost or damaged in transit. LETTERS—submission constitutes a grant to edit and publish them unless otherwise indicated. Unsolicited material will be returned by first class mail unless the cost of registering is enclosed.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ART
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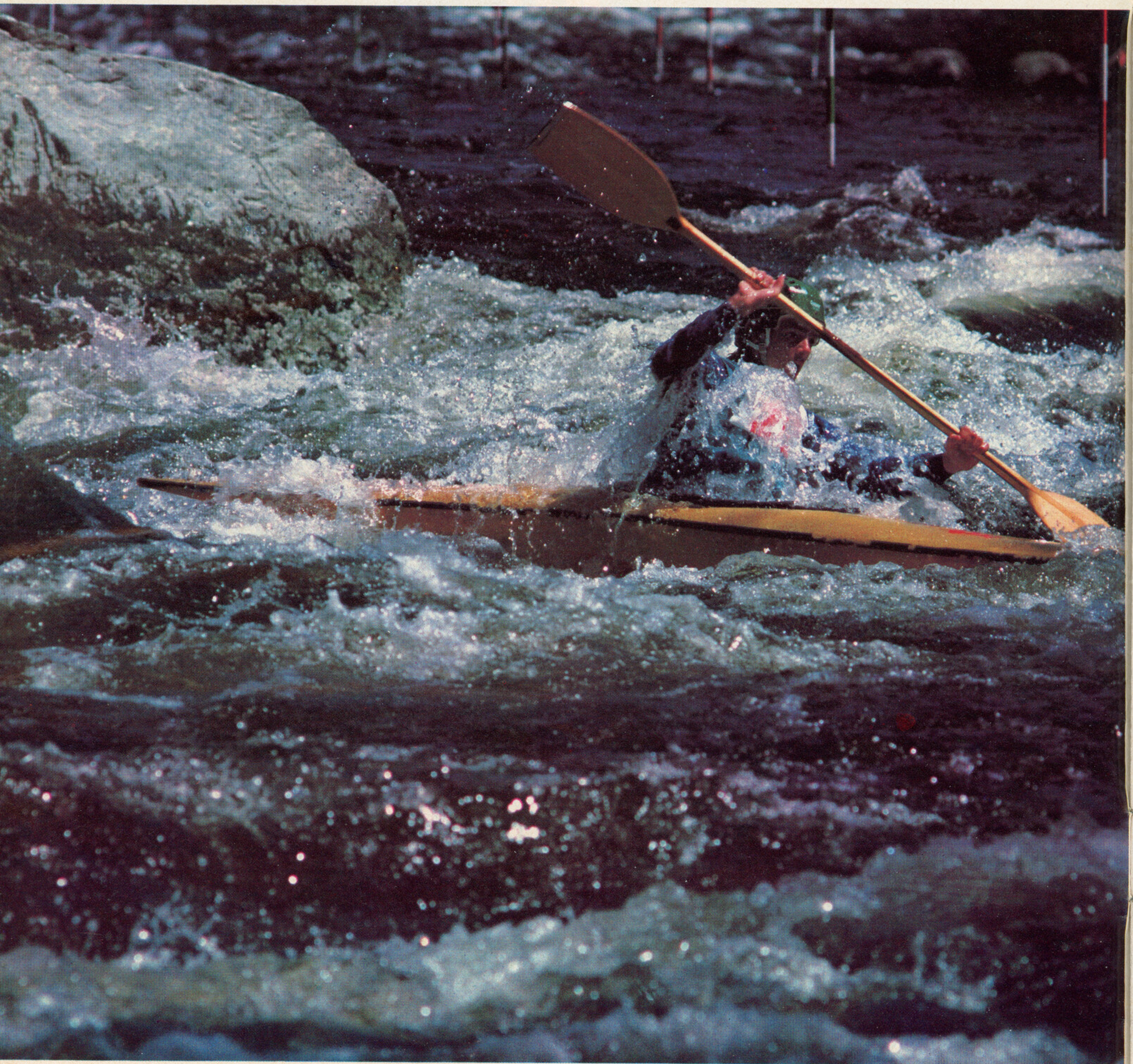
WHITE-KNUCKLE

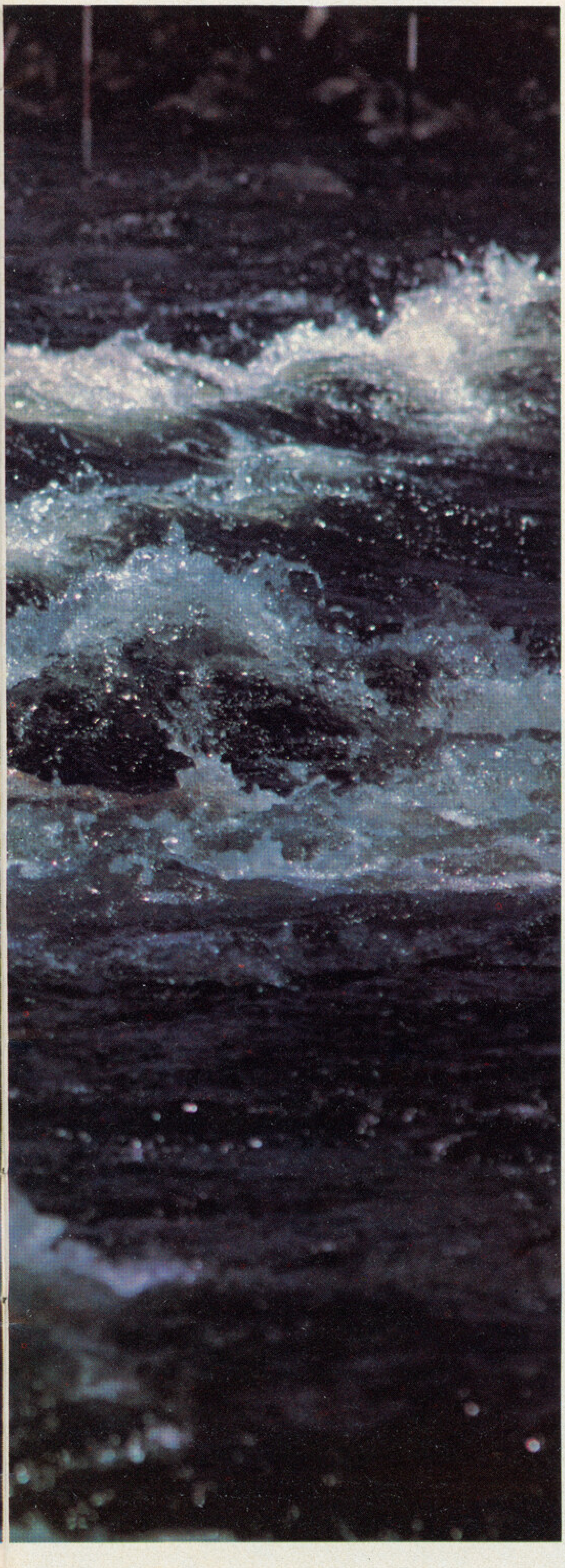
It's officially called white-water racing. But it's really a white-knuckle blast all the way

BY JUNE GLASER



Combining power and precision, this racer paddles through the turbulent waters and rock-strewn passages in the slalom course. Slalom gates are in the background.

RACING



Over 10,000 onlookers attended the 1977 U.S. National White-Water Championships at Jamaica, Vermont. And they were treated to a display of one of the most exciting, demanding sports found anywhere.

They watched champion paddlers run a challenging, thrilling slalom course. They saw racers negotiate long, difficult rapids whose constricted rock-strewn passages require fantastically precise maneuvering. They watched as the racers were sucked into the furious white-water boil and felt relief when they saw them eventually knife safely through to less-turbulent water.

This Jamaica, Vermont, spectacular was only one of the numberless races scheduled every month of every year on wild rivers in all regions of the country. It's all due to the recent U.S. growth of white-water kayak racing, both as a participant and spectator sport.

Watching and doing, of course, are two far different things. An amazing variety of knowledge and skill is needed to be an accomplished white-water paddler.

Besides knowing the direction of the currents, the racer has to be able to read the speed of the water, the depth of the river and the location of rocks.

The river gives signs to the experienced paddler. By its high or deep sounds it indicates the rocks. By its green or blue color the river bottom is known.

Kayakers say one of the things that turns them on about racing is that the conditions of the course are always different, never monotonous. Water speed and depth vary, so do the directions of currents. And the course itself changes from race to race, depending on where the ropes are strung for the slalom gates.

WOMEN DO WELL

Yet kayak racing is not just a sport for strong young men. A group of outstanding women compete in the K-1W class (one woman in a kayak). Strength for speed and endurance is important, but it is secondary to technique. That's why women do so well.

Every top racer will tell you that a great deal of training and practice time is required to excel in the sport. Ultimately, "only paddling makes a good paddler," and more specifically, "only slalom paddling makes a good slalom paddler," but there are other significant areas of training necessary.

A good method of training must incorporate the two most important aspects of successful white-water racing: 1. The slalom paddler's ability to perform in moments of extremely demanding combinations of strength, skill and coordination. 2. Endurance and speed. Some of America's top racers train off-season by lifting weights, running, cross-country skiing, playing squash and tennis and, of course, paddling. During racing season, an intensive regimen of paddling demands one to two hours a day, four to six days a week.

Highly specialized equipment helps make winners, too. The slalom kayak is constructed for easy turning. Downriver speed is not as important as the ability to maneuver quickly. As a re-

continued

Colorful kayaks line the nearby road before the race. Made of lightweight plastic, the boats are short and narrow and weigh as little as 14 pounds.

Kayaks' lightness means they can tip over easily, as this competitor learned in the freezing white water.

sult, the boats are built short, narrow and light.

Kayaks weigh as little as 14 pounds when molded of special lightweight plastics for racing. But these advantages mean they are also much tippier. A very high level of skill is needed to develop control.

Enthusiasts insist that once you get involved in kayak racing you become hooked on it. Competitors come to events from all over the country, many even traveling coast to coast at their own expense to get to a race. These are the paddlers who "follow the high water," who bug dam keepers to release water.

DAMS ASSIST NATURE

Reservoir dams in different areas of the country build up their water supplies in the spring. Since ideal natural white-water conditions don't always exist, they often must be created by having a dam release.

For the Jamaica, Vermont, race, 2,400 cubic feet of water per second was flowing through the Ball Mountain Dam from 8 a.m. until 5 p.m. This was about 2,000 cubic feet per second above normal for the river, producing a phenomenally exciting, difficult white-water race course.

Slalom is defined as "a competition to negotiate a rapid river course defined by gates—with least fault—in the shortest possible time." In the Jamaica race, as in all official races, the white-water slalom-racing rules of the American Canoe Association were followed.

Gates must be approached from one of three directions: downstream, upstream or with the kayak in reverse. Each gate has two markers, red and green. The racer knows from which direction he has to pass through the gate because green is always kept to his right. A reverse gate is arranged like a downstream gate with the addition of a letter "R."

The final score for each run is the total time from start to finish, plus penalty seconds added for each gate touched or missed. Ten seconds are added for each gate touched and 50 seconds for missing a gate. Two runs are allowed, the better time being used as the final score.

Top American racer Eric Evans says about his white-water racing: "I don't get nervous in competition because they can't shoot you if you lose. So many people are afraid of losing, it really cramps their style. I've won, come close to winning, lost, so there's nothing new."

Eric attributes his success to what he learned from the East Germans during his participation in the World Team Competitions ten years ago in Yugoslavia (he did very badly). At that time no one in America had the expertise in the sport to coach a winning team.

"I started racing at 14, so I was able to get a lot of experience at a young age when there was not so much competition. I learned not to fight the water but to use it. Kayak racing takes a lot of mental judgment and experience, which I was able to get in Europe. When you aren't that good, and the best are all around you, you learn quickly. I was aggressive. I bugged the East Germans for answers."

EUROPEANS ARE FAR AHEAD

In Europe, the extreme popularity of kayak racing pre-dates World War II. Championship competitions there are enormous events. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each year on the sport. European kayak-racing champions are, to many Europeans, what baseball and football heroes are to American fans.

Will white-water kayaking attain the mass popularity in America of other fast-action outdoor sports like skiing? Even staunch enthusiasts believe it unlikely. After all, white-water kayaking is not the most comfortable recreation in the world—cold and wet most of the time. One of the facts of life for kayakers is that most white-water paddling occurs in very cold streams. The best times are spring and early summer when the air temperatures can be quite cold. A white-water kayaker is constantly wet, either from splashing or capsizing. A beginner will often end up swimming in frigid water.

On the other hand, one of its big appeals is that it can be enjoyed by both men and women from their early teen years until they are well into their 50s. One of the official racing classes C-2M, one man and one woman in a closed canoe, makes it possible for older people to stay in racing.

Further, an interesting sidelight is that it is a sport in which handicapped people with crippled legs can compete on a fairly equal basis with everyone else. Kayaking relies primarily on hard work by the arms and stomach muscles. A total sense of balance from the waist and chest is needed to stay floating right-side up.

In the final analysis, however, to know the exultation of paddling white water, as so many do, one must experience it. And the more who experience that exultation, the more popular the sport is likely to become in America. □

When the race is done, equipment needs plenty of drying out.

CHEVY'S BUCKLING UP EARLY.

BY STEVE RAPHAEL

By 1984, all new cars sold in the U.S. must have passive restraint systems. But GM and its Chevrolet Division have started already

The old adage goes, "One picture is worth a thousand words." Shown here are eight pictures, and although they're worth only two words, those two could be a matter of life-and-death—buckle up.

The top sequence shows what could happen to a person who does not wear lap and shoulder belts in a head-on crash. The bottom sequence shows what could happen to a person who does wear belts. In these crash tests, both cars were traveling at speeds of just above 30 mph and crashed into a 92-ton concrete barrier.

The tests were done by General Motors Corporation at its Safety, Research and Development Laboratories at the Milford, Michigan, proving grounds. They are only two of about 300 such impacts conducted yearly.

Barrier crash testing with dummies has been going on since the '50s. Dummy development and testing relies on a science called biomechanics. Simply put, biomechanics (as applied to automobile safety) is the study of human reactions and tolerance to injury in auto accidents.

Engineers develop dummies whose reactions are similar to humans. The dummies in the tests shown here represent a 167-pound man. Instruments are built in that can record responses to the impact. These responses are used as tools for developing improvements in crash protection and for comparing tests. Other complex instruments are used to measure the pounding the car itself takes.

There are two indisputable facts about lap and shoulder belts. They can help save lives, but the majority of occupants don't wear them.

Because of this contradiction, the

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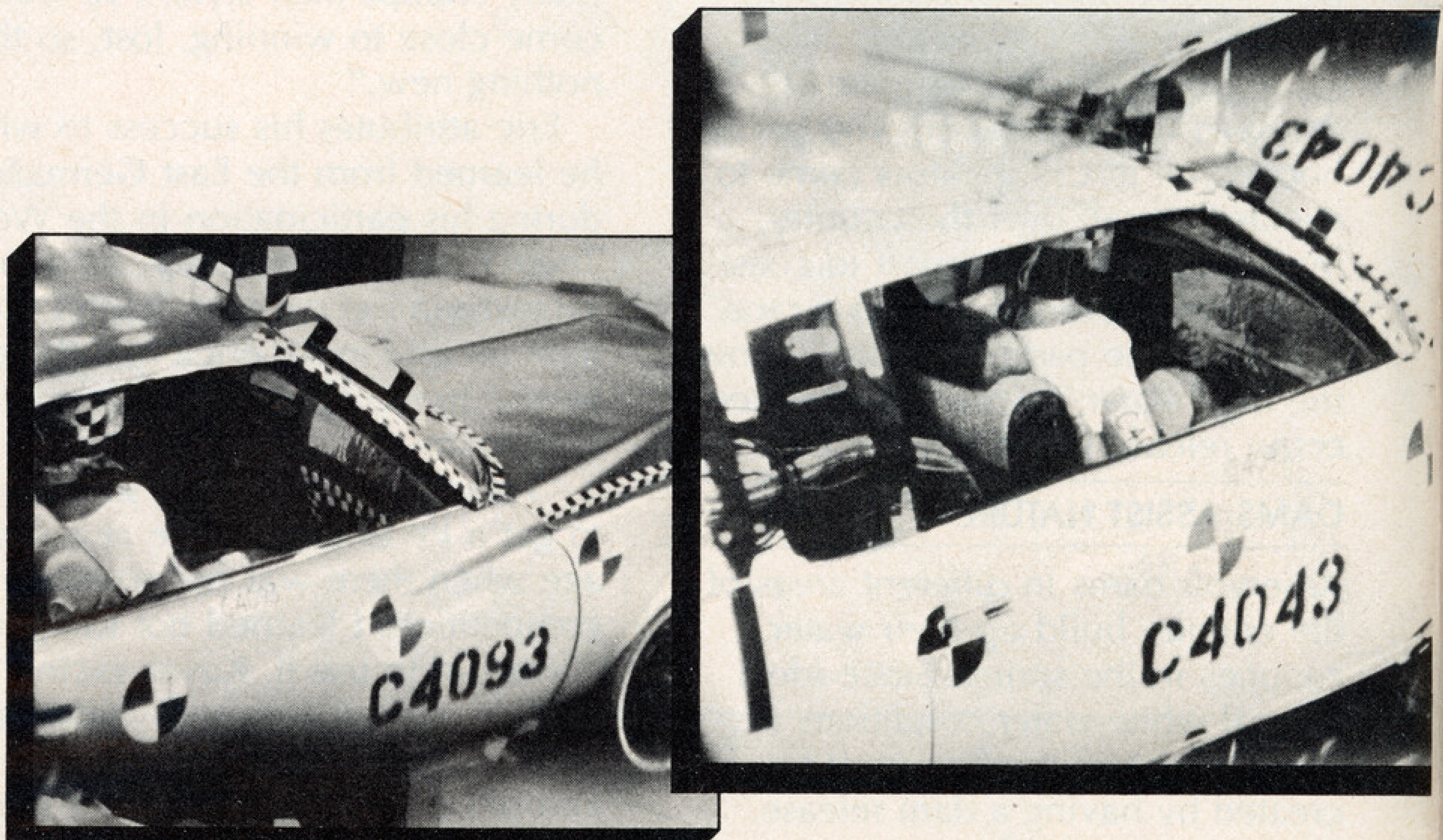
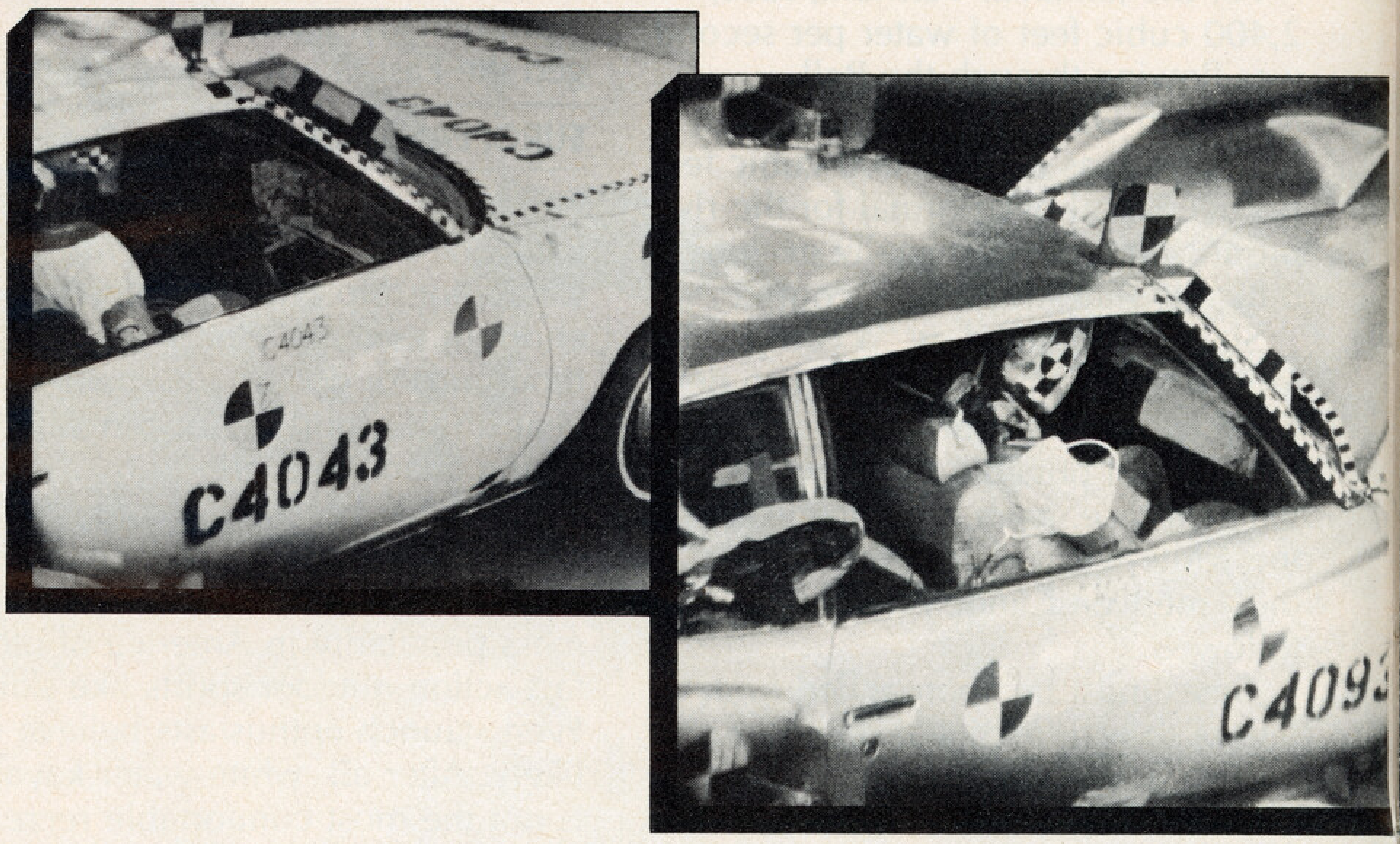
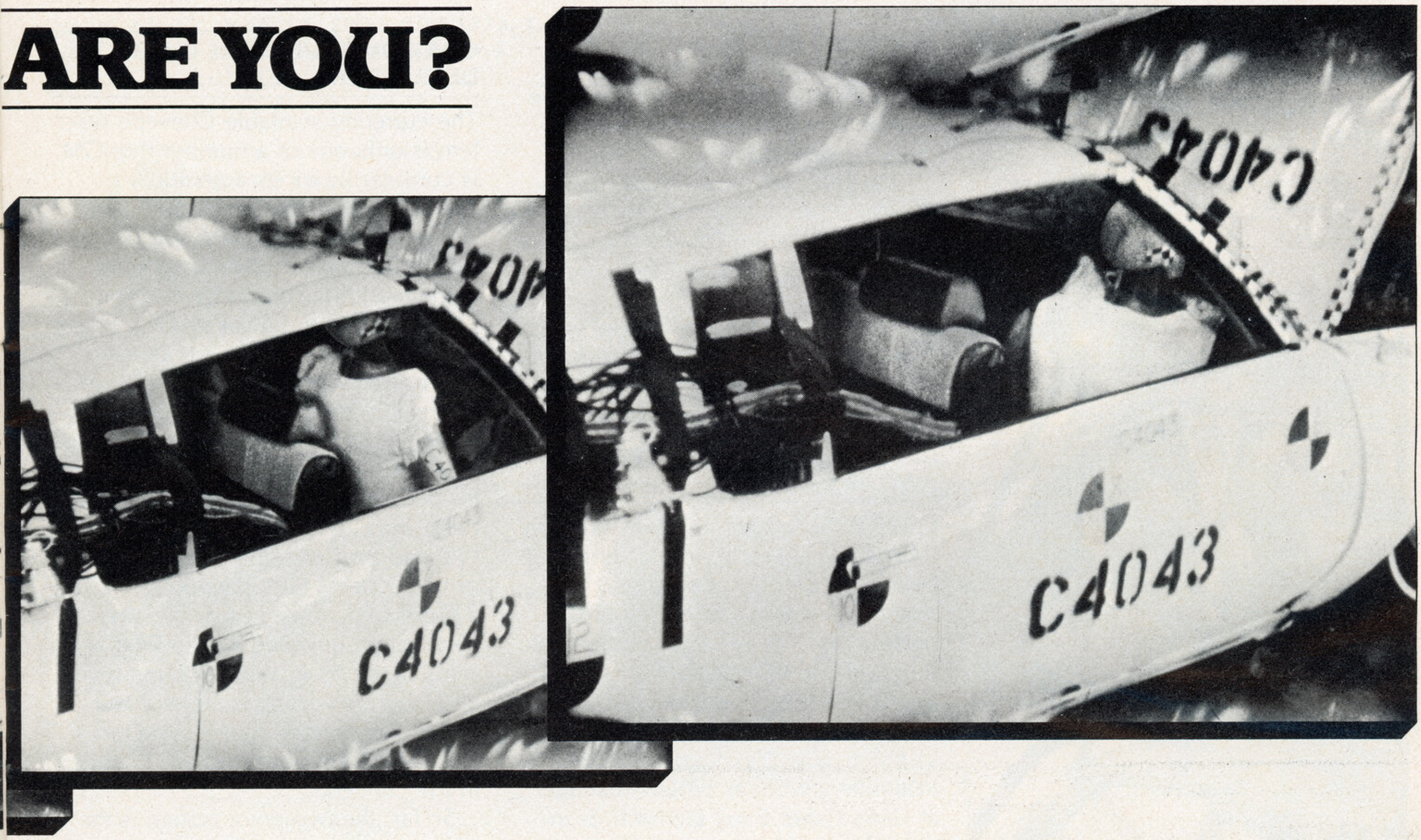
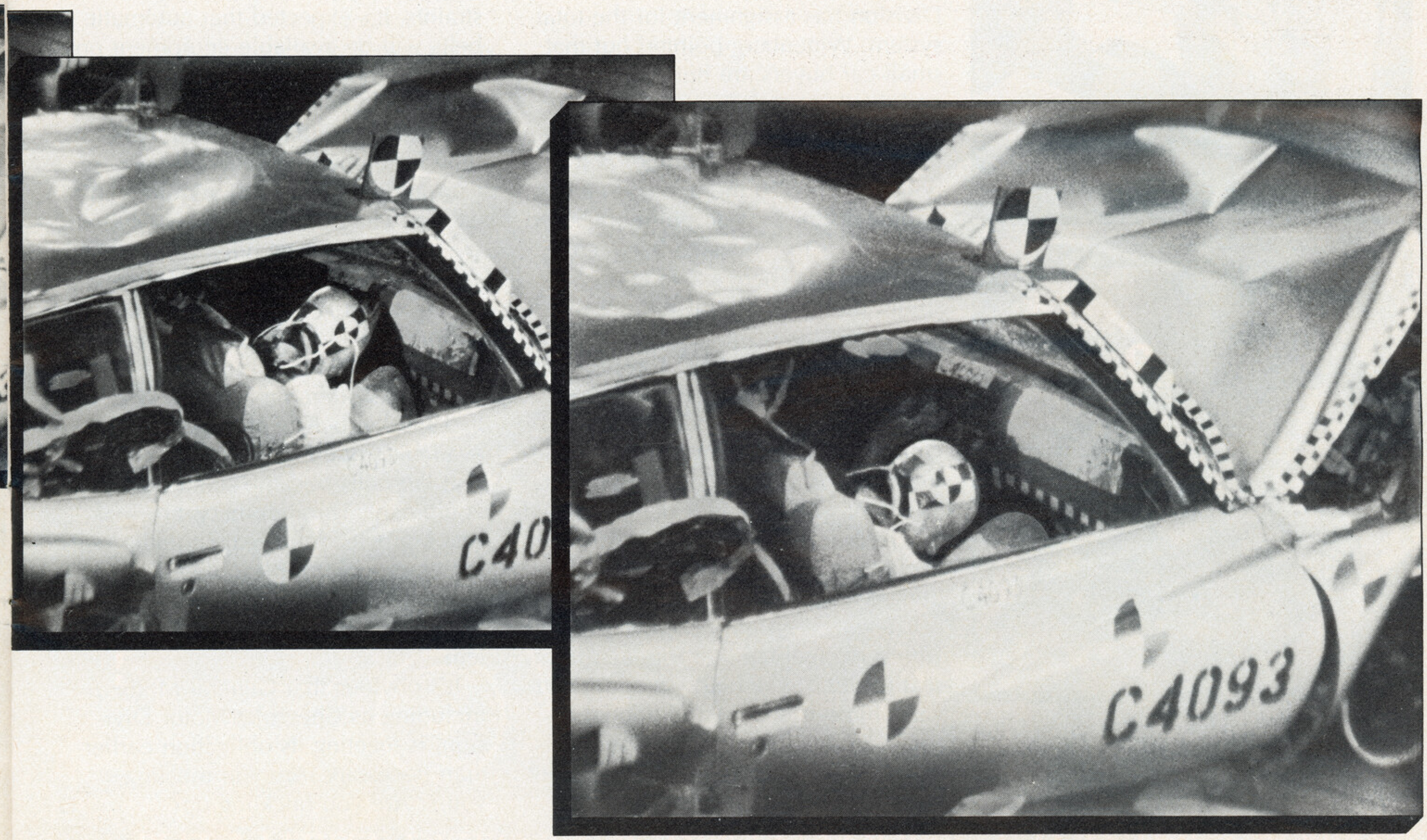




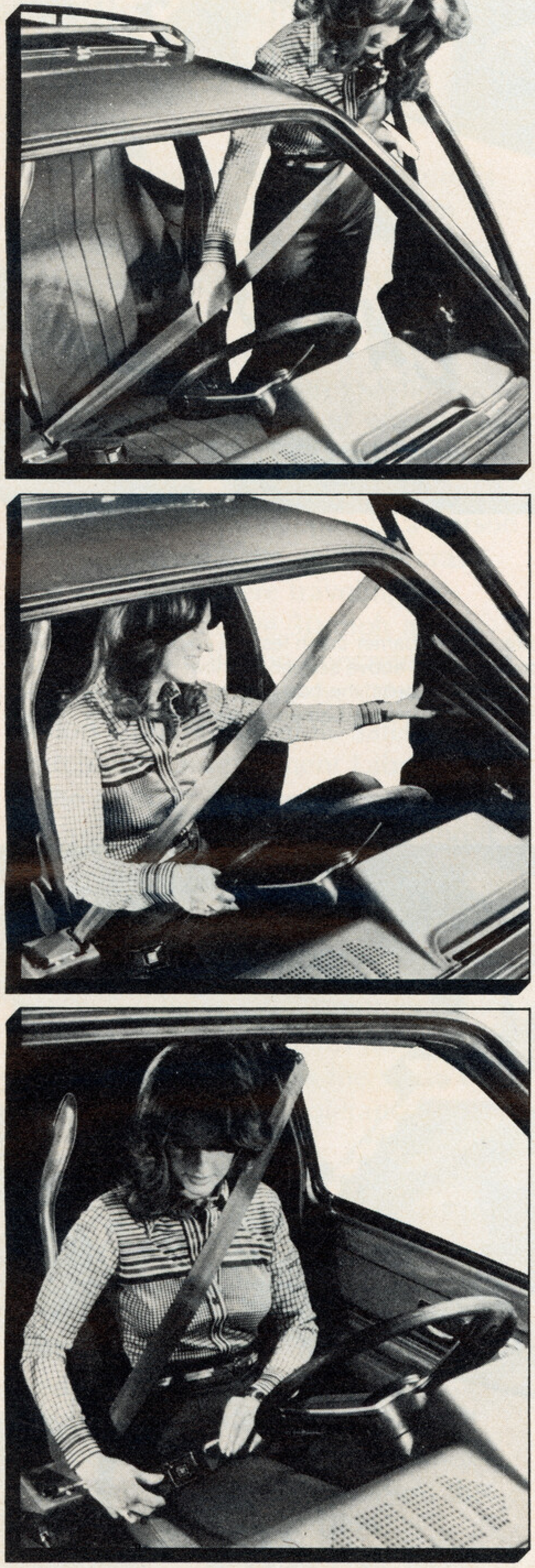
ARE YOU?



Dummies are used in barrier crash tests to help determine human reactions in auto accidents. The above sequence shows what happened to a dummy without lap and shoulder belts; the bottom sequence, with belts. Both cars crashed into 92-ton concrete barriers at speeds just over 30 mph.



"You can bet that whatever systems we use, our automobiles will meet safety requirements"



How the available automatic shoulder belt system works in Chevette: As the door opens, the belt, which is anchored to the door, stretches out; the occupant slips in behind the belt; as the door closes, the reel draws up the slack in the belt.

Department of Transportation (DOT) in June '77 ordered automakers to equip their automobiles with passive restraint systems beginning with model year 1982.

That year, large cars must have a passive restraint system. The following model year, intermediates must be so equipped. Compact and subcompact cars must have passive or "automatic" restraint systems by model year 1984. By definition, passive restraints don't depend on some occupant action (like fastening a belt) to work.

CHEVETTE AUTOMATIC SYSTEM AVAILABLE NOW

General Motors got an early jump on DOT's edict. This spring, it started offering one version of passive restraints—the automatic shoulder belt system—as available equipment on 1978 Chevy Chevettes. Manufacturer's suggested retail price is $50.

"Chevette was chosen because of its practicality," explains William J. Wittenberg who, as project manager at GM's Fisher Body Division, is involved in the corporation's passenger restraint systems. Fisher has assignment for only the belts. Chevrolet Division has assignment for the total system. Wittenberg pointed out that small-car buyers are notoriously cost- and safety-conscious.

Chevette's two-point restraint system consists of one shoulder belt point attached to the upper door frame and the second point anchored to the floor in the space between the bucket seats. There's also a knee restraint built into the instrument panel to give occupants greater protection.

The system is simple. The passenger opens the door and gets inside as the shoulder belt moves out of the way. Upon closing the door, the belt is designed to provide occupant restraint.

The passive shoulder belt system offers restraint in frontal impacts. The occupant doesn't have to do a thing—it's automatic.

Chevette's system is also equipped with a manual lap belt for each front-seat position which an occupant activates himself. It offers additional restraint in lateral and rollover impacts. Its use is recommended, although not mandated by the government.

OTHER GM SYSTEMS ARE UNDER DEVELOPMENT

The currently available Chevette system is only one of a number that GM is considering for its automobiles. Another is the three-point automatic system. In this, the lap belt also moves into place automatically, in tandem with the shoulder belt.

There also are power systems being considered—two-point and three-point. When an occupant opens or closes the door, the belts travel away or back toward him along a slot at the roof rail. "They are for larger cars and for people who like luxury," Wittenberg says.

These are just some of the dozens of belt systems GM is working on. At a press conference last winter, the corporation unveiled 17 different versions of the basic system. Some reveal an elaborate wizardry. Electric and pneumatic motors, rotary retractors and sliding arrangements are included in the concepts.

So far, the two-point system is the only system and the Chevette the only car that General Motors has offered to the public with automatic belt restraints. It's expected that automatic belts will be available equipment on several other cars in the 1980 model year, while the air bag is expected to be available on GM full-size cars in time for the model year 1981—one year ahead of the DOT requirements.

"You can bet that whatever systems we use, our automobiles will meet safety requirements," says Wittenberg. "Our concern is for the safety of the people who ride in our cars."

For GM, 1984 will mark the 25th year it has offered a restraint system. In 1959 lap belts were offered as available equipment. In 1964 front-seat lap belts became standard equipment. Through the years, rear-seat lap belts, front-seat shoulder belts and three-point lap/shoulder belts appeared. Then it was air bags. Finally, it is the automatic shoulder belt system.

It's obvious that General Motors, including its Chevrolet Motor Division, is meeting its obligation earlier than necessary. Are you meeting yours? Are you buckling up? □

THE NEW MONTE CARLO.
YOUR OWN PERSONAL "DRIVER'S SUITE".

Come in, sit down, relax. Feel the fabric, grip the wheel, enjoy the view.

Already your senses are saying: This is different, this is special, this is me.

This is The New Monte Carlo, a thoroughly contemporary, distinctively sculptured personal luxury car from Chevrolet.

Your own finely furnished "Driver's Suite."

Come in, sit down, relax.

A Room with a View.

You'll sit on broad full-foam seats, molded for comfort and covered in tasteful cloth in your choice of five colors.

The floor is thickly carpeted, not just where you can see it but even under the seat.

Overhead, Monte Carlo's acoustical "ceiling" helps to keep things hushed.

Tall side windows let in plenty of light and give you a panoramic view of the passing landscape, while dual mode ventilation brings in a steady flow of new air, even at low speeds.

There are pull straps on the doors, handsome dual pods to house the instruments and controls, a smart delta-spoke steering wheel covered in soft vinyl.

The glove box is lighted, of course.

As is the ashtray.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

A Room with Some Room.

When we sat down to design this trim, new-size automobile, we devoted a great deal of attention to room and comfort. With these rather surprising results:

1. There is more leg room in The New Monte Carlo than last year.

2. There is more head room.
3. There is more hip room in the rear.
4. The back seat is easier to get into and out of than before.
5. There is more usable room in the trunk than last year.

Expanded space. It's one of many major improvements you'll enjoy in The New Monte Carlo.

Don't Just Sit There.

Come in, sit down, relax. Put on the belt, turn on the engine, take off down the road.

Get the feel of this beautifully engineered car in motion, over bumps, up hills, through curves.

Smile.

Enjoy yourself.

You've got front and rear stabilizer bars beneath you, teaming with steel-belted radial-ply tires to provide that nice firm feeling on the road.

You've got Monte Carlo's road-tuned suspension, with big coil springs at all four wheels, helping to smooth out the rough spots. And 14 rubber body mounts to soak up sound and vibration.

Reduced overhang and a shorter turning diameter than last year's Monte Carlo give the car new agility in city traffic, cramped quarters and parking.

Think of all the miles you drive each year.

Think how enjoyable they'd be in Monte Carlo.

Read No More.

We would have hoped that by now you'd have set this magazine aside and slipped off to see your Chevrolet dealer.

Do it soon.

Experiencing The New Monte Carlo firsthand is a pleasure you really shouldn't put off.

And a pleasure you richly deserve.

Chevrolet

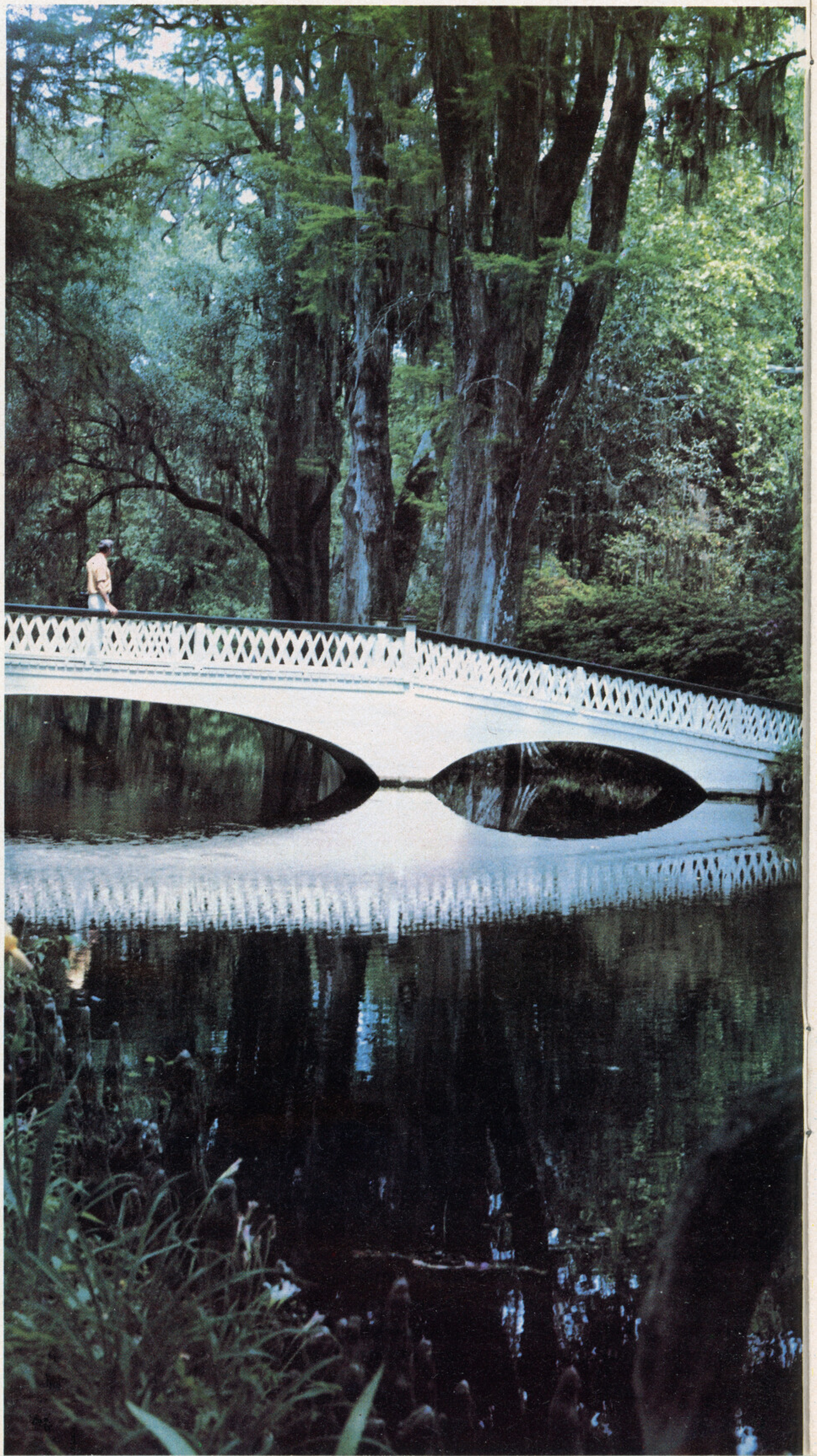
PUT A LITTLE DISTANCE BETWEEN YOURSELF AND THE CROWD.

THE CHARM OF HISTORIC

CHARLE

Players still perform at the historic Dock Street Theatre.

The French Huguenot Church, built in 1844, is of Gothic architectural style.



STON

A leisurely tour of the historic streets and magnificent homes is reason enough to visit South Carolina's tradition-steeped city

BY C. J. BURKHART

Charleston is charm. Charm in the form of treasured traditions, picturesque architecture, inviting gardens and a serene yet active way of life.

Tucked between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers in South Carolina, Charleston has maintained an envied position for inhabitants and visitors alike. As journalist William Allen White stated, it's "the most civilized town in the world."

Probably Charleston's most interesting facet is its potpourri of classic architecture. The "single" house, initially developed in the 18th century, is of prime importance, but styles run the gamut from Georgian, ornate Scottish, Regency, Greek Revival and Victorian.

"Single" houses are unique in their own right. A gabled end fronts the street. The houses are only one room wide with very high ceilings which enable breezes to flow through easily. Piazzas with graceful entrances facing the street were often added.

Piazzas always are turned to catch southerly breezes and look out upon colorful formal gardens. Sitting rooms usually are on the second floor—again to capture the afternoon air as it flows across the Ashley River.

Charleston is also famed for its ornate wrought-iron balconies, gates and fences, earthquake rods, intricate cornices and cobblestone streets. The earthquake rods became a necessary support in new construction after the mammoth earthquake of 1886 which destroyed much of the city.

THE IN-TOWN TOUR

A tour along Charleston's historic streets is a must for visitors. Hundreds of beautifully restored and preserved homes and buildings are located within a few blocks of White Point Gardens (the Battery) situated at the tip of the slim peninsula.

A leisurely stroll, carriage or tourist-bus ride along tree-lined streets transports visitors back into the

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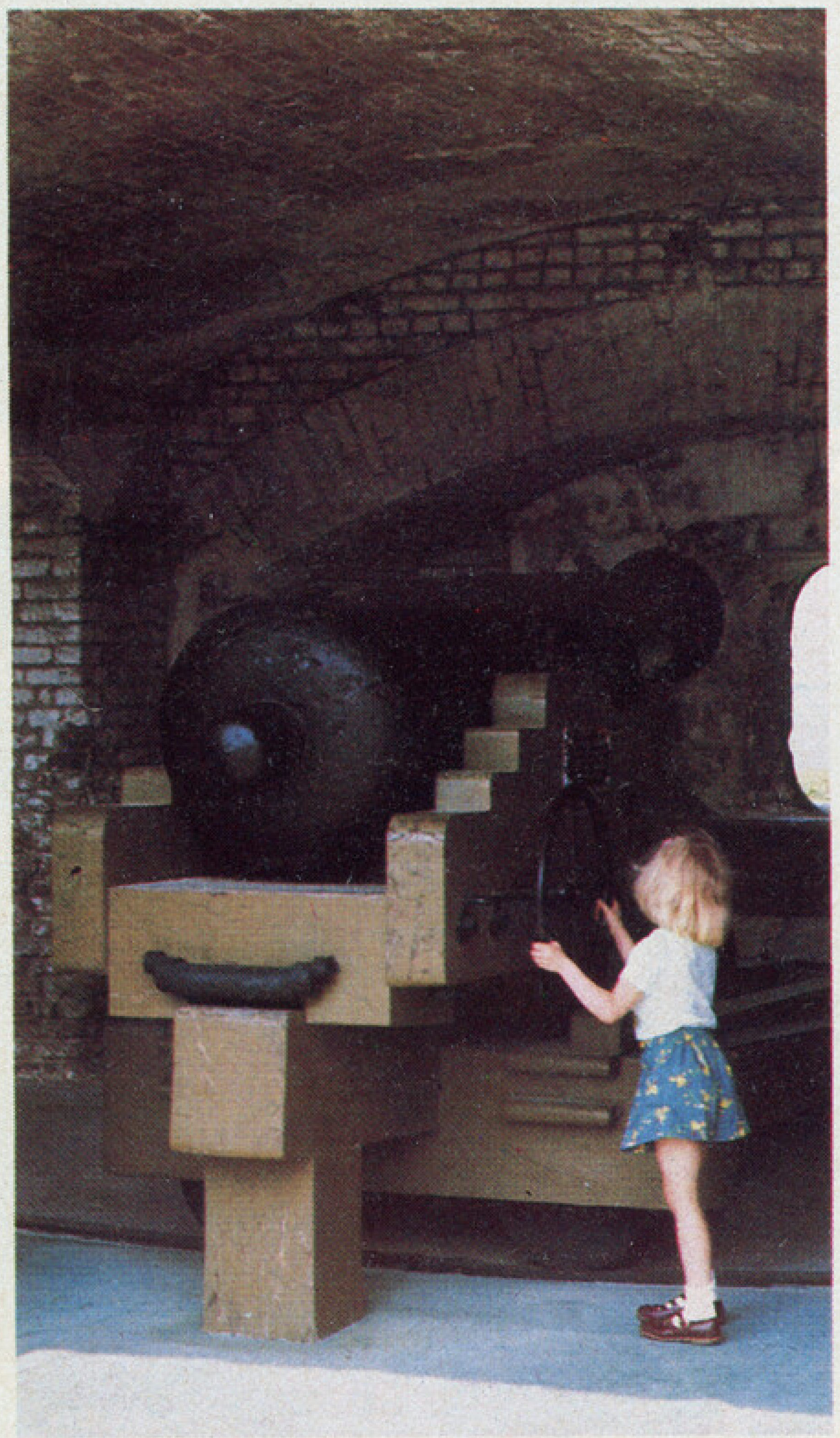
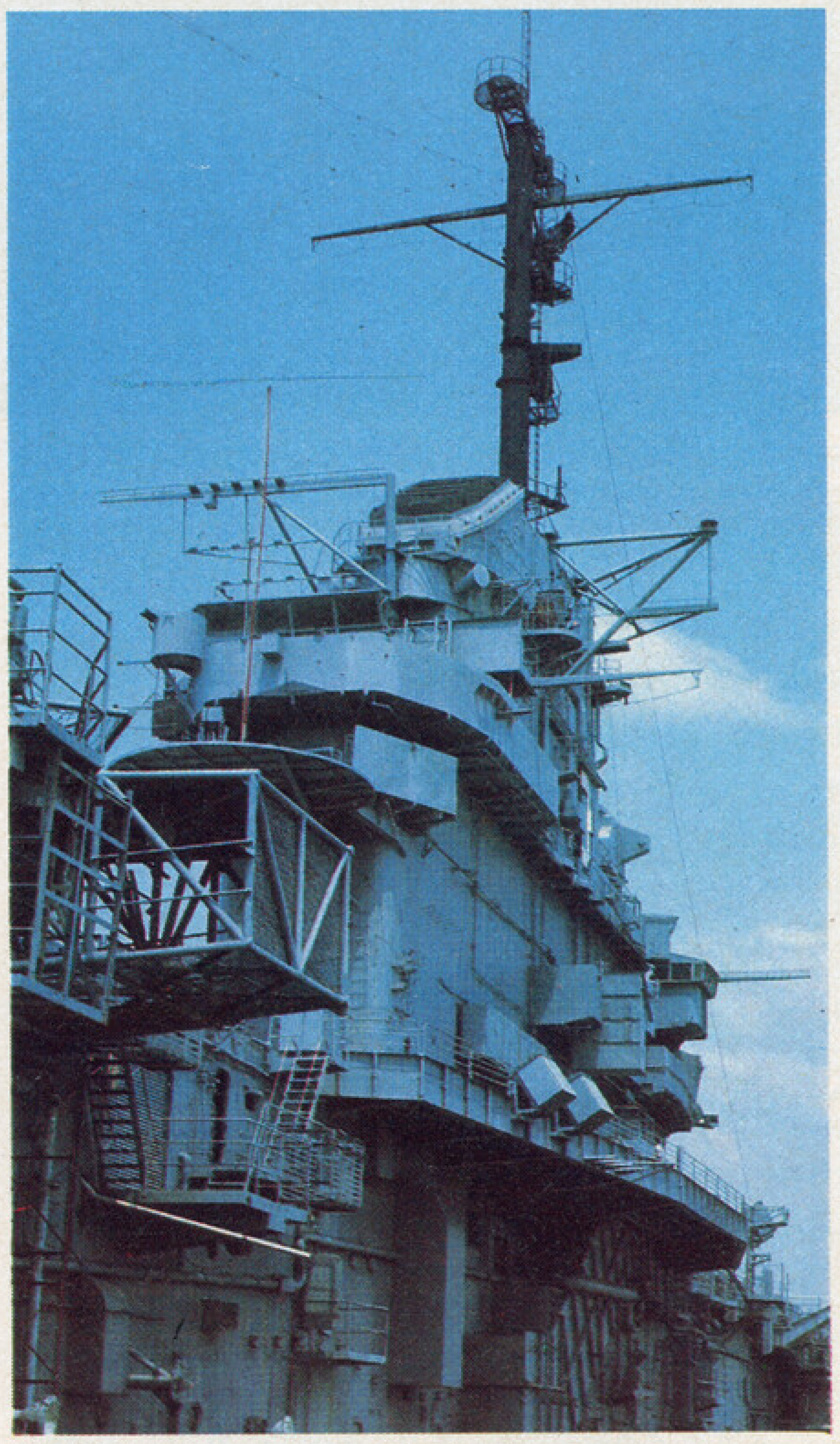
Elegant homes facing White Point Gardens; carriage waits to take visitors on tour of city.



Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor—where the first shot was fired in the War Between the States.



World War II aircraft carrier *Yorktown*, docked at Patriot's Point, is now a Navy museum.

Regardless of the time of year, Magnolia Gardens is magnificent.

Charleston is famed for its ornate wrought iron, earthquake rods and picturesque architecture

romantic days of the Old South.

Outstanding points on the "not-to-be-missed list" include the Edmonston-Alston House, a Greek Revival house at 21 E. Battery, built in 1828; the magnificent Nathaniel Russell House, said to have cost $80,000 when built in 1809; the Sword Gates and House, 32 Legare; and St. Michael's inspiring church, corner of Meeting and Broad Streets.

Also not to be missed are St. Philip's on Church Street; Hibernian Hall; Catfish Row, locale of the musical *Porgy and Bess;* Dock Street Theatre; Huguenot Church; City Market; Joseph Manigault House; The Pink House (one room on each floor) located on a cobblestone street named Chalmers; and literally scores more, each as fascinating as the other.

Situated west of Hampton Park, the Citadel, a military college, opened in March 1843, with 20 cadets. Originally, the Citadel occupied a building on Marion Square. In 1922 it was moved to its present location and has grown until it now numbers 2,000 students. Visitors are welcome, especially Friday afternoons at 4:30 when colorful full-dress parades are held.

Downtown, two spots are of special interest. Located beneath the Exchange Building, the Provost Dungeon was a British prison for American patriots. And the Old Charleston Jail and Museum, a pre-Civil War structure with dank haunting cells and lifelike figures, portrays a sorry period of our history.

OTHER POPULAR ATTRACTIONS NEARBY

But Charleston is not only in-town historic buildings and streets. Nearby, a number of outstanding attractions provide visitors with a comprehensive look at the city's engaging environs.

A tourist boat trip to Fort Sumter National Monument, located on a small man-made island at Charleston Harbor's entrance, is most appealing. On April 12, 1861, Confederate soldiers fired the first shots of the Civil War at Union forces occupying Fort Sumter. Thirty-three hours after, the fort surrendered.

Later, the Union forces kept Fort Sumter under almost constant bombardment from 1863 to 1865, said to be the longest siege in warfare. The Confederates never surrendered but did evacuate the fort on February 18, 1865.

Charleston and the surrounding area also are famous for beautiful gardens. Two of the country's most outstanding, Cypress Gardens and Magnolia Plantation and Gardens, are located within approximately ten miles of the historic downtown section.

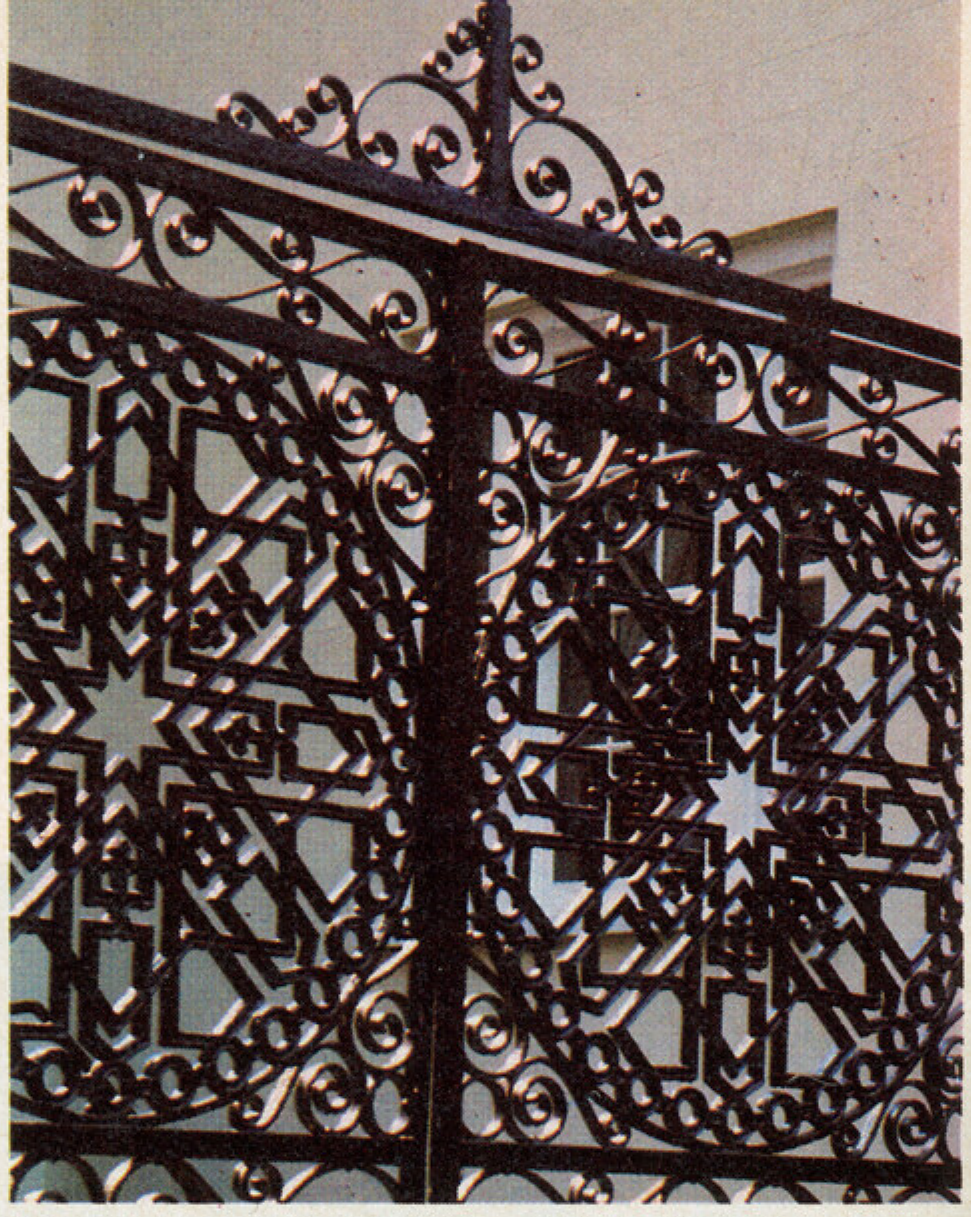
Cypress Gardens, established during the 18th century, was once a freshwater reserve for a rice plantation. Calm black waters reflect huge cypress trees and a deluge of azaleas. In 1963 the gardens' owners donated this beautiful spot to the city of Charleston.

Magnolia Plantation and Gardens, named for a row of resplendent magnolia trees that extend to the Ashley River, contains 30 acres of beautiful gardens. Another 440 acres are filled with waterways, forests, a stately house, wildlife refuge, trails and a petting zoo.

Middleton Place, a registered National Historic Landmark situated 14 miles northwest of Charleston on Route 61, offers the oldest landscaped gardens in America, the Middleton Place House and the plantation stables. Middleton Place was the home of Henry Middleton, President of the First Continental Congress.

PLANTATIONS TO PLANE CARRIER

Boone Hall Plantation, standing at the end of a majestic three-quarter-mile-long avenue of moss-draped live oaks (planted in 1743 by Captain Thomas Boone), was originally a cotton plantation of 17,000 acres. In 1904 Boone

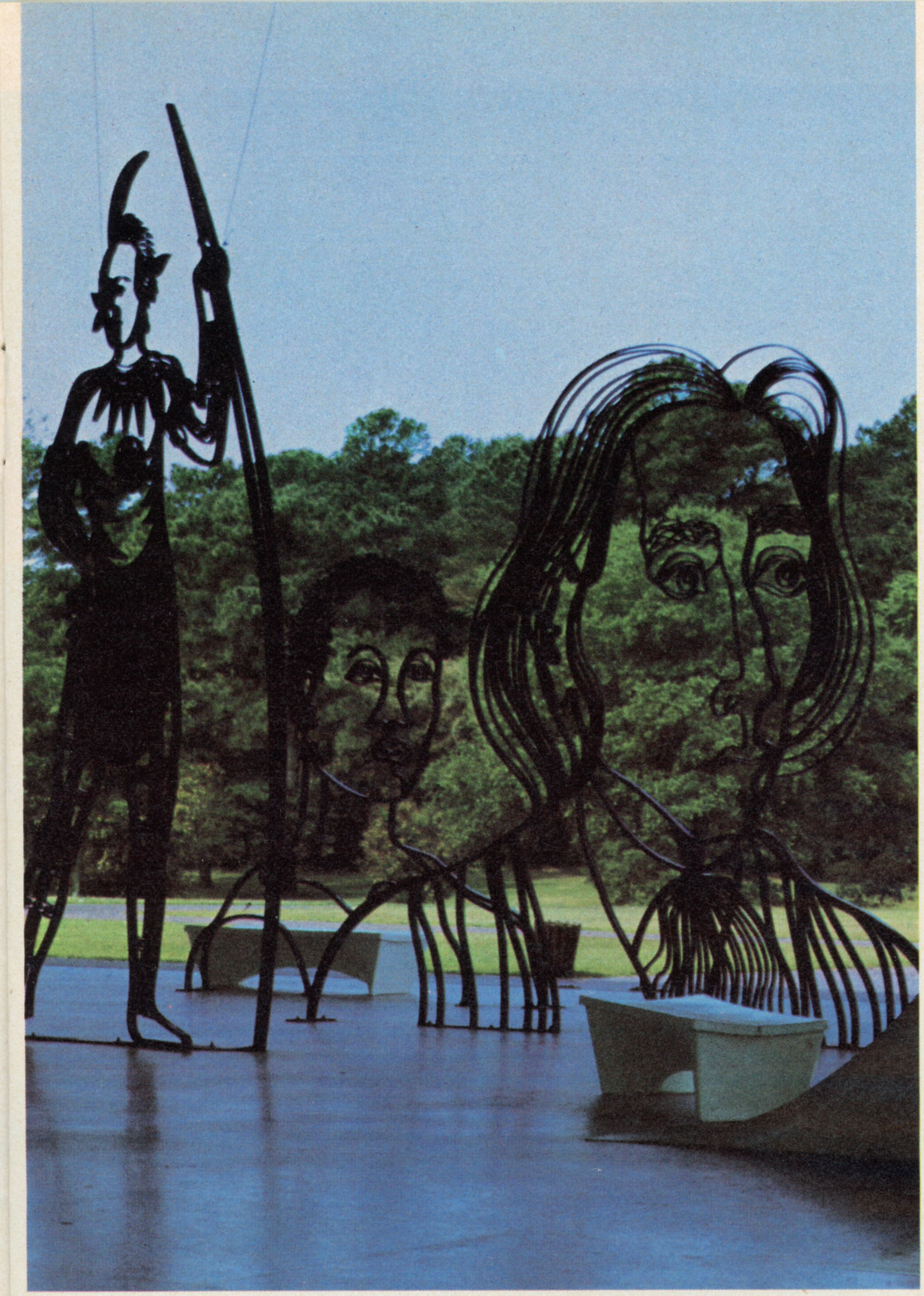


Backlight outlines handsome wrought-iron gates.

The Pink House has one room on each floor.

A round room is supported by beautiful woodwork.

Arches, patio and fountain at Mills Hyatt House.



Pavilion at Charles Towne Landing exhibits the development of colonial South Carolina.

Earthquake bolts common on Charleston houses.

Hall became the world's largest pecan plantation. The 140-acre grove is still in production. Visitors may explore the grounds and house each day of the year, except Christmas and Thanksgiving.

Charles Towne Landing, north along the Ashley River, is an intriguing park located on the spot where, more than three centuries ago, English settlers stepped ashore to establish Carolina's first permanent settlement. Today it contains a fountain-encircled pavilion with underground exhibits, a replica of an early blockade runner, animals, gardens, a large picnic area, reconstructed fortifications and many other attractions.

A stop at Patriot's Point, just beyond the Cooper River Bridge on Highway 17, offers visitors a tour of the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Yorktown*. The carrier that gained fame in World War II as "The Fighting Lady" is the initial phase of a naval and maritime museum. Commissioned April 4, 1943, at Newport News, Virginia, the *Yorktown* distinguished herself during the war by damaging or destroying an official count of 1,167 enemy aircraft and sinking or damaging hundreds of naval ships.

Charleston boasts a number of excellent restaurants that serve a variety of fine foods from Low Country to French, Continental, Italian and American cuisine. Obviously seafood is a favorite with "She-Crab Soup" one of the local specialties.

Charleston is a "today" city, too, with modern shopping malls, activities and attractions befitting its thriving economy. But it is the atmosphere of historical traditions that makes Charleston so pleasurable for an ever-growing number of tourists each year.

For additional information, write the Charleston Trident Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 975, Charleston, SC 29402; or the Visitor Information Center, 85 Calhoun Street, Charleston, SC 29402. □

FATHER AND HIS AUTOMOBILES

BY JESSAMYN WEST, © 1978

What made Father's car buying notable was his unerring ability to choose a make of car not long for this world

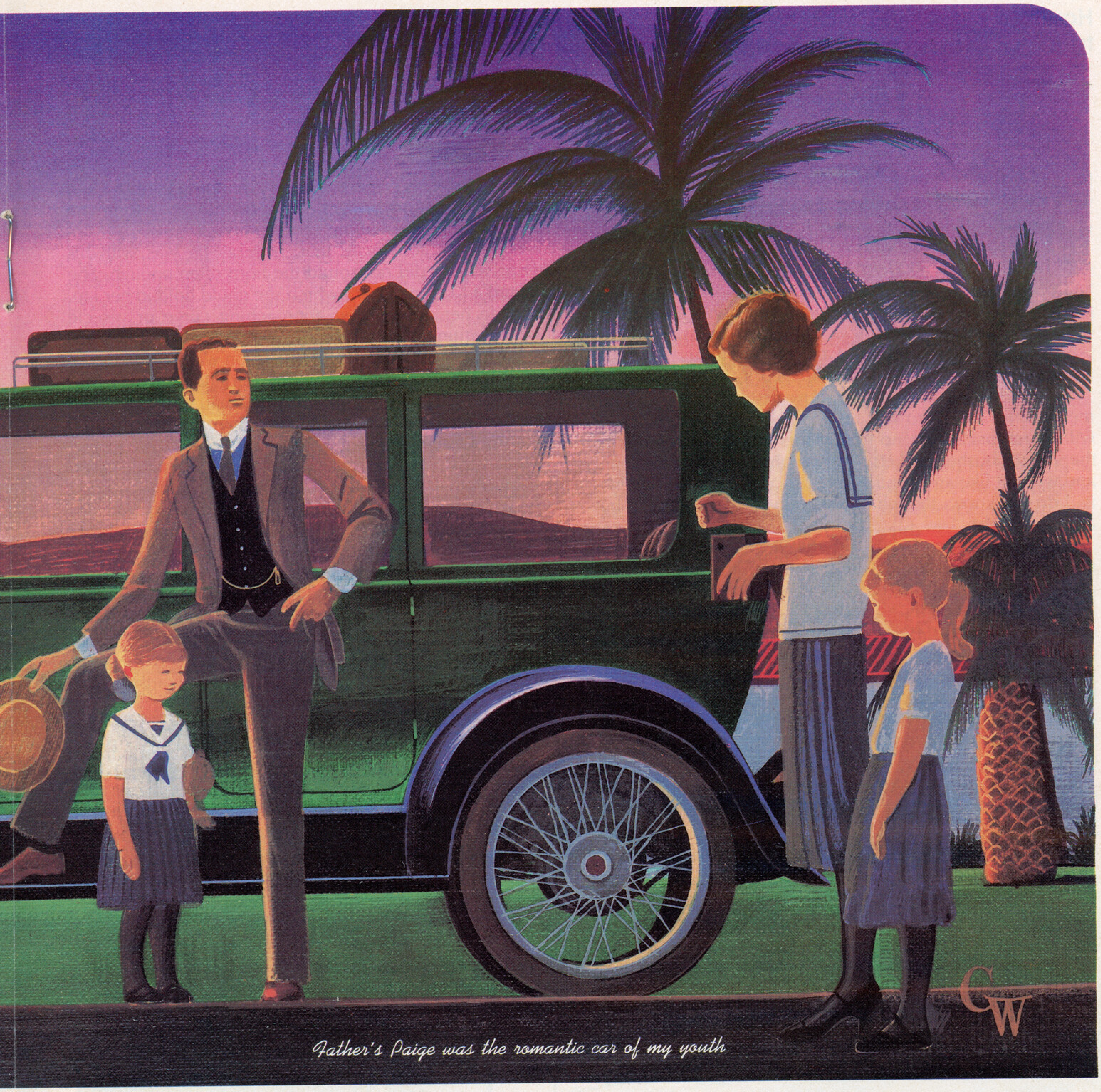
In my handsome black-haired father, there was that streak of optimism that makes many men believe the grass on the other side of the fence is greener. Women, who for the most part can't get on the other side of the fence anyway, spend their time cultivating the grass they have.

Father, married to a Quaker girl who valued things as they were, not Sunday but First Day, not Christmas but the 25th of December, never felt really free after his marriage to explore the other side of his own fence.

However, he was able to give vent to his inclination to try the new by bringing onto his side of the fence objects that could be explored there. Father bought automobiles.

Mother, with her Quaker common sense, found no fault with her husband's minor expression of his conviction that elsewhere the grass was greener; though she did on occasion urge a less rapid turnover of the would-be proof.

What made Father's car buying notable was his unerring ability to choose a make of car not long for this world. He was drawn to doomed makes as some persons are attracted to failing human beings. How the Edsel ever managed to go



Father's Paige was the romantic car of my youth

under without the terminal blessing of a purchase from Father, I don't know.

How Ford has survived all of these years in spite of the fact that Father once owned one, I don't know either. He didn't own one for long. In 1915 in a Ford touring car (was there any other kind at that time?), Father drove his towheaded family, top down, 150 miles to the San Diego Exposition. He arrived with five brick-red, badly sunburned passengers.

Mother blamed the Ford. "That car," she said, "has caused us all so much suffering."

Father was more than happy to get rid of it. Never again did he burden himself with an undying brand, though he had a close call with the Chevrolet. Mother, in spite of the pain she suffered in the Ford, was on the right track when she urged a light, durable, modestly priced car with a name that had caught her fancy: Chevrolet.

She urged, but did not insist, when Father, with his unerring eye for the fly-by-night and experimental, shied away from the durable Chevrolet. Mother let him shy. For her sake, he stayed in one place, held down one job and taught a Sunday school class. A man has to let off steam some way. She knew that, and was grateful for the form it took in Father: strange automobiles instead of drinking, smoking, gambling or looking at strange women.

Father had arrived in Southern California from southern

continued

How the Edsel ever managed to go under without the terminal blessing of a purchase from Father, I don't know

Indiana in 1908. He was 28 years old, an ex-schoolteacher with a wife and three children, had $300 and the ranch of an absentee father-in-law on which to light.

In southern Indiana there had been nothing like the roads and the scenery of Southern California to tempt a traveler. Father had two horses, Diamond and Chinopsee (an Indian pony with a tendency to lope), and a surrey with a fringe on top. But California distances were too great for two-horsepower transportation. Father bought his first automobile. How with $300 he managed it, I don't know.

Father's first car was a Duro. Any first car is, I suppose, memorable. The Duro was unforgettable. It was bright red with much brass trim, no front doors and brass headlights the size of bushel baskets. These lights burned acetylene and were lit like any bonfire with a match. What acetylene is, I do not know, though we once lived in a house lit by acetylene light.

Father learned to drive by driving. There were no driving schools then. It was supposed that any adult who had been able to steer horses (animals with minds of their own and inclinations frequently at odds with the intentions of the driver) would surely be able to steer an unexcitable machine incapable of willing anything on its own.

This, at least, was the reasoning in 1908; though it was hard to believe that it wasn't Father, rather than the machine, who was magnetized by the concrete abutments of bridges or the hubs on spring wagons being overtaken and passed.

The Duro had a horn for such emergencies—a large rubber bulb which squalled when squeezed. The use of a horn was encouraged in those days. There were signs saying: "Sound horn. Curve approaching." Sounding the horn had no effect on abutting bridges and frequently an unfortunate effect on the horses pulling spring wagons.

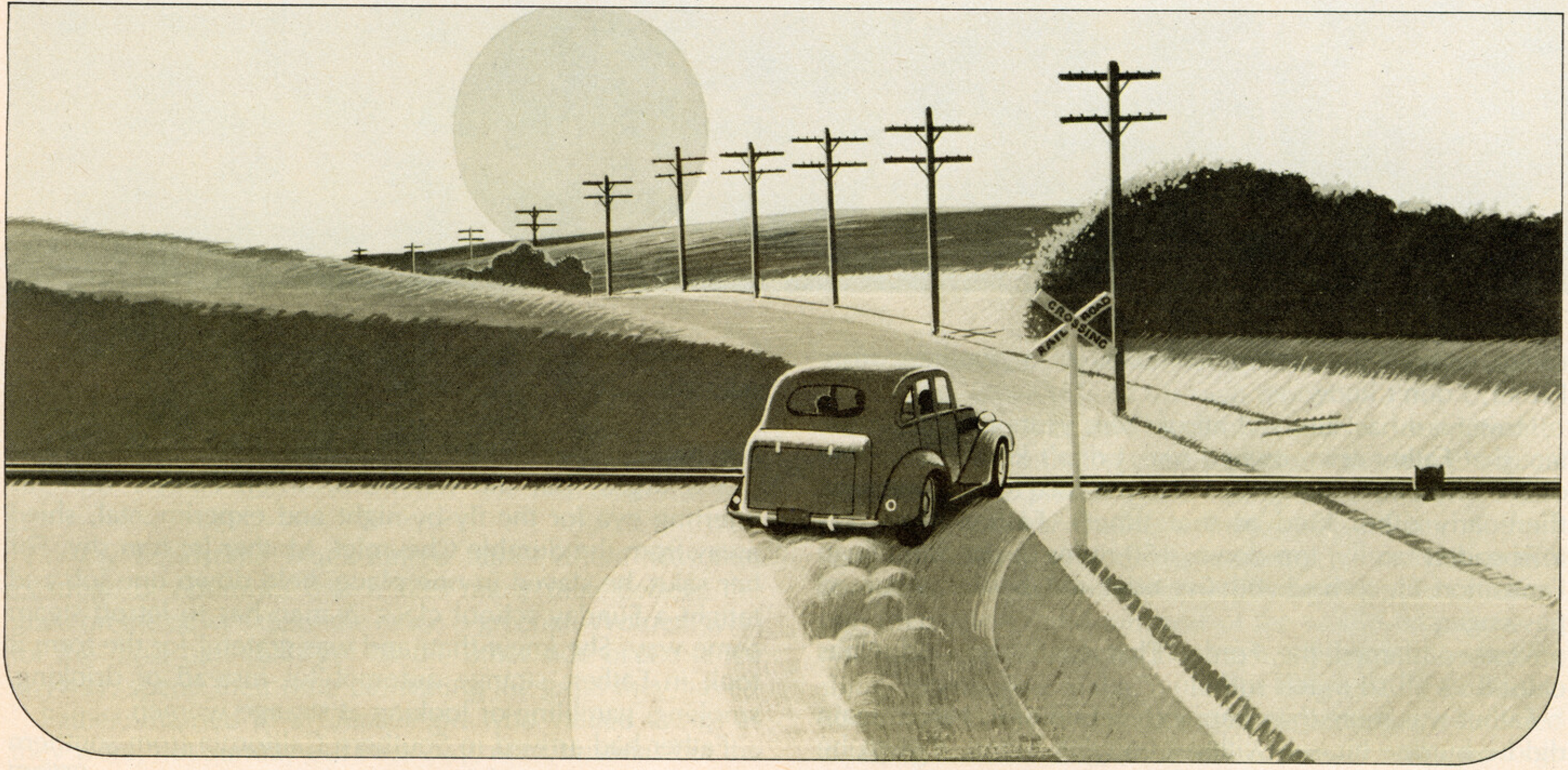
Mother was convinced that, busy as he was with his steering, Father did not sound the horn often enough. She acquired a Klaxon, a horn which she could hold in her lap. When, in her opinion, an approaching curve or vehicle needed warning, she could do so without Father's having to take his hands off the wheel. The Klaxon was operated by a downward pressure on some kind of a ratchet which protruded vertically above its main body. (I do not understand the mechanics of Klaxons any more than I understand the chemistry of acetylene.)

Whatever its mechanical explanation, the Klaxon operated by Mother was wonderfully effective. Bridges tended to widen when it wailed; surreys, spring wagons, buggies gave us the right-of-way. With Father steering and Mother sounding, our days in the Duro were accident-free.

Next came a drab air-cooled car called the Franklin. Father acquired it in a trade with a man from Kansas. The man from Kansas offered Father the Franklin in return for half the oil rights of a ranch which Father by this time owned. The ranch produced no oil and the Franklin little mobility.

The Franklin was followed by a lettuce-green Paige upholstered in emerald-green leather. This particular Paige had glass fastened to the back of the front seat so that back-seat passengers and front-seat passengers were well separated. This was a happy arrangement since back-seat passengers now numbered four, ranging from 17 to seven.

Perhaps its appealing name drew Father to the Terraplane



In this handsome, large, rather strange and efficient vehicle, the West family traveled north in California to Lassen Peak and east in the United States to Indiana and Kentucky.

Transcontinental travelers in 1919, especially in such striking automobiles, were few. In addition to its six passengers, the Paige carried three folding double beds, a food box, assorted canteens, clothes with which to impress Eastern relatives, a grill for outdoor cooking and plenty of reading matter.

When we stopped to camp at night, curious natives surrounded our campsites to inquire about California, road conditions and the performance of the Paige.

At the Wabash, which was flooding and where the roads were partially underwater, a man with a team of mules would hitch onto your car before you entered the slush and pull you through for $5. If you tried to make it on your own, stalled and needed help, he charged you $10 for your misjudgment.

In Kentucky a storekeeper refused to sell Mother a loaf of bread because she was immodestly dressed in a pair of World War I GI pants and puttees.

And everywhere, the big green Paige, laden with plate glass, folding beds and kids, was stared at and surrounded. The Paige was the romantic car of my youth.

The car to which my heart became most attached was the one Father bought after I was married. I can still hear the sound of its tires as it turned in the long driveway of the ranch, 75 miles away from "home," where my husband and I first lived.

This car was a Durant and, while it too did not long survive as a make, Father's car did survive the four or five years of his ownership. I would recognize its sound even now if it were to turn into our driveway.

Perhaps its name was what drew Father to his next purchase—a Terraplane. The name seemed to say that this was an automobile that would span the earth with the speed and ease with which aircraft flew through the skies. In addition to its appealing name, the Terraplane was one of the first cars to have what approached today's automatic-shift system. Father not only liked new cars, he was drawn to those new cars that had untried equipment or exotic devices of one kind or another.

It is my impression that the Terraplane was not issued in too many editions and that Father, whatever his judgment of its performance might have been, did not, when his model accumulated mileage, have much opportunity to replace it with another Terraplane.

I was at a greater distance from my parents after this, and knew about Father's purchases but did not often drive them. And I might have missed a few purchases altogether or have those I do remember out of order.

It was the day of the coupé, even of something called the "business coupé." Father, of course, had one, of a make as well as a style now extinct—a Reo business coupé. I do not know whether all business coupés had the Reo's seating arrangement, but Father's did. The passenger's section of the front seat was set some inches back of the driver's section. This was an inconvenient arrangement for neckers, but necking with that opinionated Quaker girl beside him (though Klaxonless now) was nothing Father had in mind.

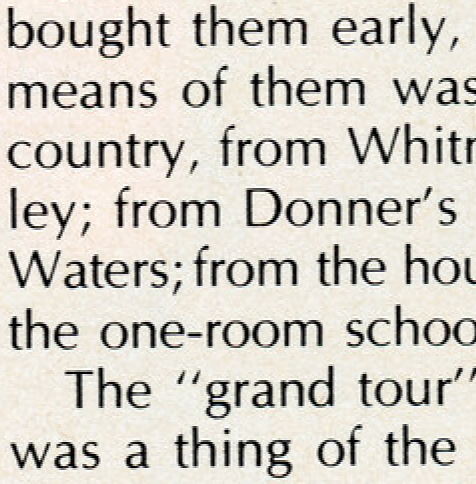
A car I did drive, and was not sorry to see replaced, was a little Willys-Knight sedan. It was more of a plane than the Terraplane. I never drove it without fearing that it might take off unless given more ballast than I provided.

The Hupmobile was originally, I think, my grandfather's car, though it too was of the endangered species that instantly caught Father's eye; it was after the Paige, aesthetically, my favorite of Father's cars.

When Father finally bought a Packard he had, I think, in his mind found a make to which he intended to be forever after faithful. Alas, experience should have taught him that as Oscar Wilde said, "Each man kills the thing he loves." Father's approval and purchase was the kiss of death for a car. The Packard soon vanished from the marketplace.

What mattered to my father's children was not the changing variety of his cars, but the fact that he had them—bought them early, with only $300 in his pocket, and by means of them was able to show us the wonders of this country, from Whitney's snows to the sands of Death Valley; from Donner's Pass to the Mississippi River, Father of Waters; from the house my great-grandfather built in 1854 to the one-room school where Father himself taught in 1902.

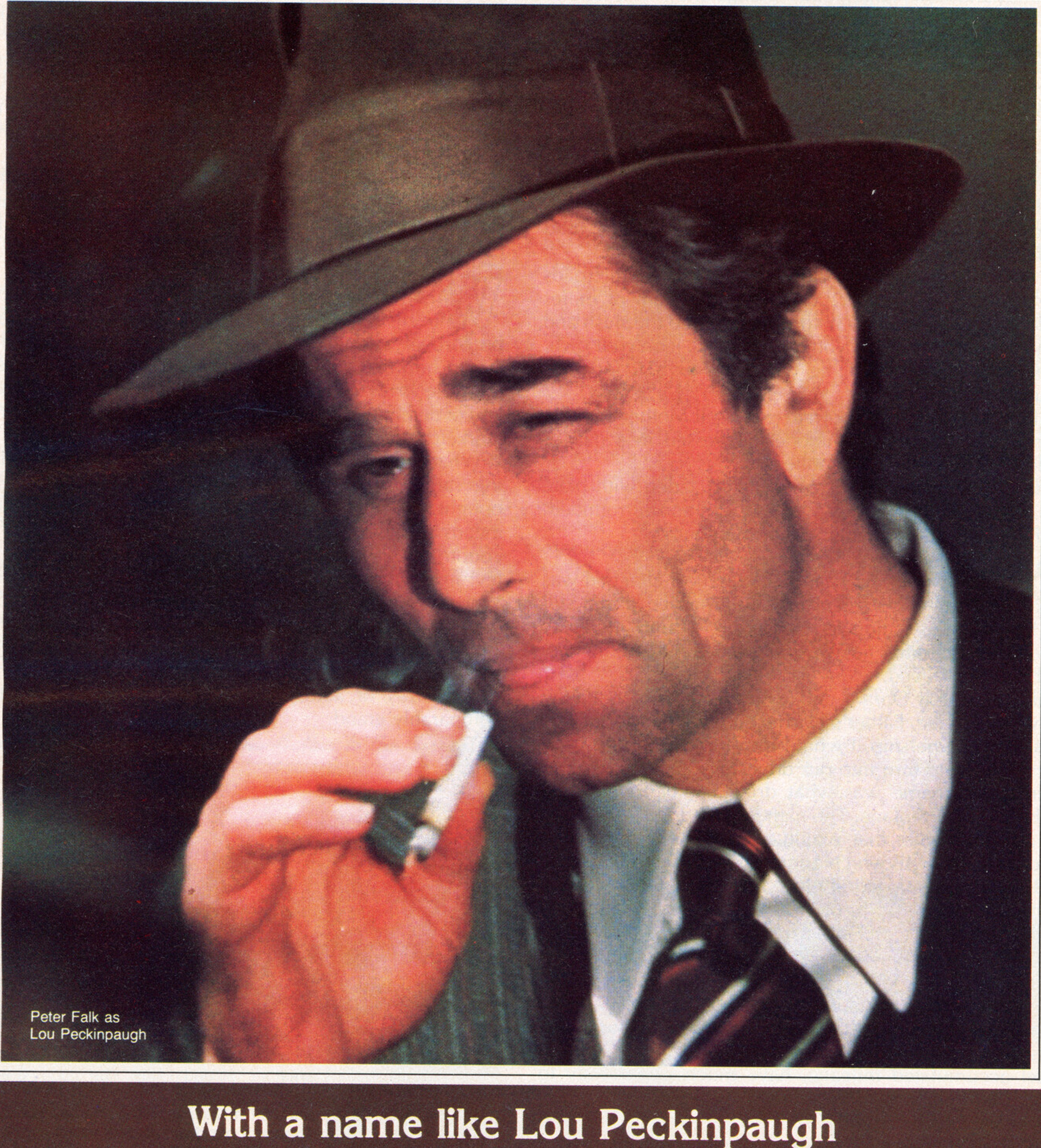
The "grand tour" of young Europeans of a century ago was a thing of the past. Father, in his way, and with his varied array of autos, provided his children with tours comparably grand. □



About the author. Jessamyn West is the author of 17 books, including novels, memoirs, short stories and poetry. She gained great popularity with her novel, *Friendly Persuasion*, and its film version which she coauthored. Others of her distinguished works include *Cress Delahanty* (a *Book-of-the-Month Club* selection); *The Massacre at Fall Creek* (a *Literary Guild* main selection and a *Reader's Digest* condensed book); and her memoirs, *The Woman Said Yes*. Her writings also have appeared in *The New Yorker, The Atlantic, Harper's Magazine, Ladies' Home Journal*, and *McCall's Magazine* among others. Most recently, she was the winner of the Janet Kafka Prize for Best Fiction by a Woman in 1976, and received the Indiana Arts Commission Award for Literature in 1977.

FRIENDS GOES TO THE MOVIES

THE CHEAP DETECTIVE



Peter Falk as
Lou Peckinpaugh

With a name like Lou Peckinpaugh
he's got to be a farce.
And he is

The scenes seem so familiar—the characters like long lost friends.

There's the beautiful woman whose presence rekindles touching memories. There's the whiny-voiced loathsome figure, the sexy cabaret singer, the international smuggler.

Then there's the smoke-filled cabaret where the piano player plays sentimental blues. There's the pursuit of an elusive objet d'art, and a dead man mysteriously slain on the waterfront. And, of course, there's the detective, weathered, wise and hounded by a diverse set of characters, but determined to crack the case.

Is this *Casablanca* or *The Maltese Falcon* or the original version of *The Big Sleep?*

It's all and more. It's playwright Neil Simon's latest screenplay *The Cheap Detective*, an affectionate parody of the great detective and intrigue movies of the 1930s and 1940s.

A Rastar-Columbia presentation, the film has all of the colorful characters and devices that worked so well for the detective genre: complex plot, missing persons, double-crosses, beautiful women, international spies—a lot of seedy people chasing after a piece of art. And it's all wrapped together by the comic genius of writer Simon.

The story begins when the partner of offbeat-named detective Lou Peckinpaugh is found shot to death in a vacant lot in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco. Lou, angry over the death of his friend, is determined to find the murderer.

The fun begins when Lou comes across his old flame Marlene DuChard standing at the piano in Nix Place, a North African-looking cabaret on San Francisco's waterfront. Marlene implores Tinker, the piano player, to "play it, Tinker."

Lou, in the best tradition of Philip Marlowe and Sam Spade, tries to solve the murder in the seamy back alleys and waterfront of the bay city. Simultaneously, he's trying to secure safe passage for Marlene's war hero/husband Paul so the lovers can be reunited.

Lou becomes allied with the French underground that is battling the Cincinnati division of the German gestapo. Things get complicated when Pepe Damascus, a whiny-voiced and rancid figure, asks Lou to help him find a valuable work of art shaped in the form of a dozen diamond eggs.

There are plenty of other people who have an interest in that object including Jasper Blubber, the obese mastermind of an international smuggling caper, and the decrepit billionaire art collector Ezra Dezire and his tempestuous young wife Jezebel.

Lou must also elude the amorous advances of his partner's widow Georgia Merkle, evade the sexy cabaret singer Betty DeBoop and be led around by the beguiling and mysterious lady of dubious background Mrs. Montenegro.

Thanks to the help of his old crony Hoppy and faithful secretary Bess, Lou somehow manages to keep himself together to track down the answer to the mystery.

Only a writer with the skill and flair for comedy that Simon has could take on such a project as *The Cheap Detective*. Since 1961, when his first play *Come Blow Your Horn* appeared on Broadway, Simon has been tickling America's funny bone with humorous lines and charming characters. Sixteen other plays have since flowed from his typewriter including *Barefoot in the Park, The Odd Couple* and *The Sunshine Boys*.

Simon also has penned the stories for two Broadway musicals, *Sweet Charity* and *Promises, Promises*. Now a Californian, Simon turned his talents to the screen as well, writing three original screenplays in addition to *The Cheap Detective*. These are *The Out-of-Towners, Murder by Death* and *The Goodbye Girl*.

Simon's work is enhanced by a sparkling galaxy of stars who shine in the movie, starting with Peter Falk as Lou Peckinpaugh. Best known as the slow but wily television detective, Columbo, Falk changes time period (and raincoat) but not genre to play the role of the hassled gumshoe.

Louise Fletcher plays the sensitive Marlene DuChard, Lou's unrequited love. This role is a change of pace for the actress who won an Academy Award as the steely souled Nurse Ratchet in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Marsha Mason, fresh from her critically acclaimed role as Paula the oft-times jilted actress in *The Goodbye Girl,* plays Georgia Merkle. (In real life, Marsha is Mrs. Neil Simon.)

Other women who pop in and out of Lou's life include Ann-Margret as Jezebel Dezire, Eileen Brennan as Betty DeBoop, Stockard Channing as Bess and Madeline Kahn as Mrs. Montenegro.

Scatman Crothers plays *that* song for Louise Fletcher.

Serious actor and director John Houseman turns comedic to play Jasper Blubber, while longtime leading man Fernando Lamas plays Paul DuChard. The movie also bubbles with comic talent including James Coco as Marcel, Sid Caesar as Ezra Dezire, Dom DeLuise as Pepe, Phil Silvers as Hoppy and Abe Vigoda as Rizzuto, a San Francisco cop.

With all of this talent, there's nothing cheap, quality-wise, about *The Cheap Detective*. In fact, audiences leaving the theater, eagerly awaiting the next Simon hit, will probably be heard saying, "Play it again, Neil." □

Rob Goebel of Troy, Ohio, captures the mood of summer in this photo of children silhouetted against a sunset.

REMEMBERING THE SUMMER OF YOUR YOUTH

PHOTOS BY CHEVY OWNERS

Summer is a very special time for youngsters. School is out, the sun is warm, and the long lazy days are to be enjoyed. Remember the delightful summers of your youth? In the photographs on these pages, Chevy owners have captured some scenes of summer that will evoke memories of the simple pleasures and leisurely pace of those fun-filled days.

And while you are enjoying this summer's activities, be sure to keep your camera ready for some interesting or unusual shots for FRIENDS. We pay $25.00 for each photo accepted for publication. Any suitable subject of general reader interest is considered.

Remember, submissions to the owners' pages can be color transparencies or black-and-white enlargements. Good technical quality is important. Photos must come from Chevrolet owners or members of their families only. For more information, see page 3.

A three-year-old proudly displays her first catch, by Mrs. Dale Duncan of Hohenwald, Tennessee.

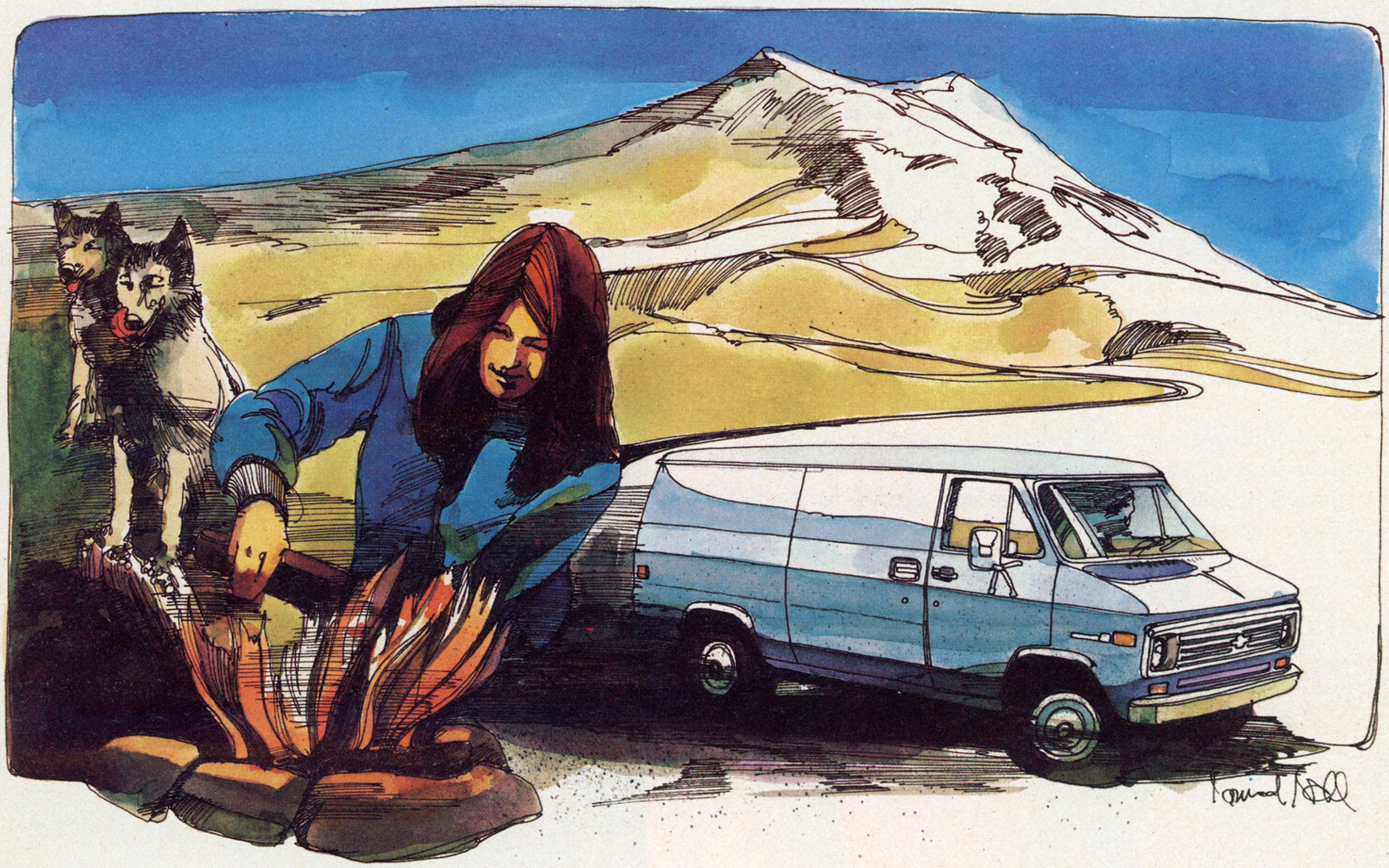
New York City boys cool off the old-fashioned way, by Gail Atchison of Alexandria, Virginia.

Cheri Ann Keene samples a sprig of summer wheat, by Cecil L. Keene, Jr. of Rogersville, Missouri.

A JOURNEY I HAD TO MAKE

BY TRACY O'CONNELL WOLFGANG

"I must have cut an incongruous figure to many people—a woman, 24, traveling alone with two dogs in a van"



Mrs. Tracy O'Connell Wolfgang

It was something I had wanted to do for as long as I could remember, tackling the trip I took last summer. On that 10,000-mile journey through 14 states, I must have cut an incongruous figure to many people—a woman, 24, traveling alone with two dogs in a van.

More than an extended vacation, it was the fulfillment of a long-held dream which, now over, has left me with a sense of contentment with my place in life.

I was afraid to accept what the future offered me—marriage, bonds to a farm and, later, children—without this chance to see for myself what the rest of the country offered. The thought that I might never find out what lay over the next mountain or get to know the characteristics which form the profile of our nation, seemed a tragic pit I was reluctant to be trapped in.

I got my first gulp of breathing space when I left my sheltered urban Eastern upbringing and entered the rural lifestyle of western Wisconsin during my college years. From buying and caring for my own horse to learning skydiving, I battled my way through the multitude of fears foisted on me by well-meaning but overly cautious adults.

As graduation rolled around, I stifled my everpresent wish to go gypsying, for the thoughts of friends and family were much more goal-oriented. An offer of employment in my field of study seemed too important to turn down.

Suddenly, though, the time seemed right—a sudden inheritance gave me the audacity to leave my job and to tell my fiance when he brought up the topic of our upcoming marriage, "We'll discuss it when I get back." It was a turning point, a now-or-never chance I had to grab or lose forever.

The length of my trip and even the approximate route I would take, all were quite vague when I started. As I readily admitted to many, my camping experience and outdoors expertise were quite limited, and the whole trip was as much a proving ground for me to see if I really could execute such a venture as it was a sightseeing expedition.

I "BUILD" MY CHEVY VAN

Wanting a more sound and secure roof over my head than a tent would afford, I traded in my compact car for a new Chevy Van. Having looked at the available equipment and prices of the completed motor homes, I opted for a vehicle I could design my way, with lots of floor space for the dogs and plenty of storage room.

With spare hours and borrowed tools, I worked away on a trial-and-error basis to build my home on wheels. This alone was a challenge to someone unaccustomed to materials more complex than hammer and nails.

I cut Styrofoam insulation to fit between the ribs in the van's walls and ceiling, and held it in place with PL 200, an adhesive that comes in a cardboard cylinder and fits a caulking gun.

Fiberboard was used to panel the walls. I drilled holes in the van's wall ribs and used sheet-metal screws to hold the fiberboard in place. Over this, using both glue and heavy-duty staples, I applied shag carpeting for additional warmth and a more finished look. I put washable rubber-backed carpeting on the floor and cut a sheet of light paneling for the ceiling.

I used L-shaped brackets to clamp bed, dresser and closet walls into place. The wooden dresser stood behind the driver's seat, and the bed ran along the rest of the side wall. It was fashioned simply, by placing the mattress from a folding cot on a piece of plywood, two and a half feet wide by six feet long, and a half inch thick.

A closet fit nicely between the sliding side door and the spare tire on the van's right side. Lashings held boxes of supplies under the bed and were used to keep the dresser drawers from sliding out when the van was in motion.

A NATION OF NOMADS

The journey itself was full of joys, with only a couple upsets. A sense of satisfaction came whenever I settled back to watch the campfire I had ignited with a single match. But on some damp nights and mornings, it seemed I burned more matches and magazines than wood, trying to coax a single flame. My propane stove was always available, but somehow I felt that was not the "real way" to camp, just as I disdained the use of briquets and charcoal lighter.

My real admiration was for the backpackers and bikers who seemed to be pursuing the outdoor life much more fully than I. Somehow I felt pampered and self-indulged as I emerged from the van in the morning to watch those hardy souls roll out of their mountaineering tents staked out in rain-soaked campgrounds.

I felt a closeness to those other campers, however they chose to travel, for we were all nomads of sorts, a nation of restless people ever eager to keep moving. At times, I felt as though we were on a circuit, as I met fellow travelers and discussed the merits and drawbacks of various parks or attractions we had seen, or were contemplating going to.

There were others camping solo. In Yellowstone, I met a man from New York City who had been on the road, alone, for five weeks. In his 50s, he said he slept nights curled up in his foreign car. He likened the sights he had viewed with places in Italy, France and Switzerland which he had visited.

Some campers viewed me as someone who needed a family and seemed to adopt me. In Colorado, I heard a tap on the van one evening as I lay writing letters on my bunk. It was the son of neighboring campers, a family from Minnesota, asking me to join them for roasted marshmallows and cocoa.

On a beach in California, the father of one camping family urged me to move the van in closer to his unit for protection against "that bunch of hoods," a group of motorcyclists down the beach who, as it turned out, kept entirely to themselves.

MY CANINE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

My dogs, Baron and Gina, were the greatest single asset in opening communication with other campers. Lively and playful, they quickly made friends wherever we camped, with their ceaseless enjoyment of fetching sticks. People passing by would be won over by the gleam in their eyes, the way Baron would toss a stick in the air then nudge it forward as if to say, "your turn."

The pair bear a great similarity to each other. While camping in California, I heard the group in the next spot discussing the dogs. "I don't know, it looks like a shaggy German shepherd," one said. "There's two; it must be a breed," another commented. I slowly dissolved into laughter, for Baron is a collie-shepherd cross, and Gina is a purebred Belgian tervuren with a long pedigree and a large price tag.

Cruising the Seventeen-Mile Drive between Carmel and Pacific Grove in California, I met a group of Japanese tourists, members of a photography club. I had seen them earlier in Carmel, and wondered at their fascination with the most minute aspects of daily life in America. A telephone lineman, a woman arranging a store window display, all fell prey to this group which swarmed to chronicle every activity.

I was offering my dogs a drink of water when I was besieged by the eager Japanese shutterbugs. Silently they

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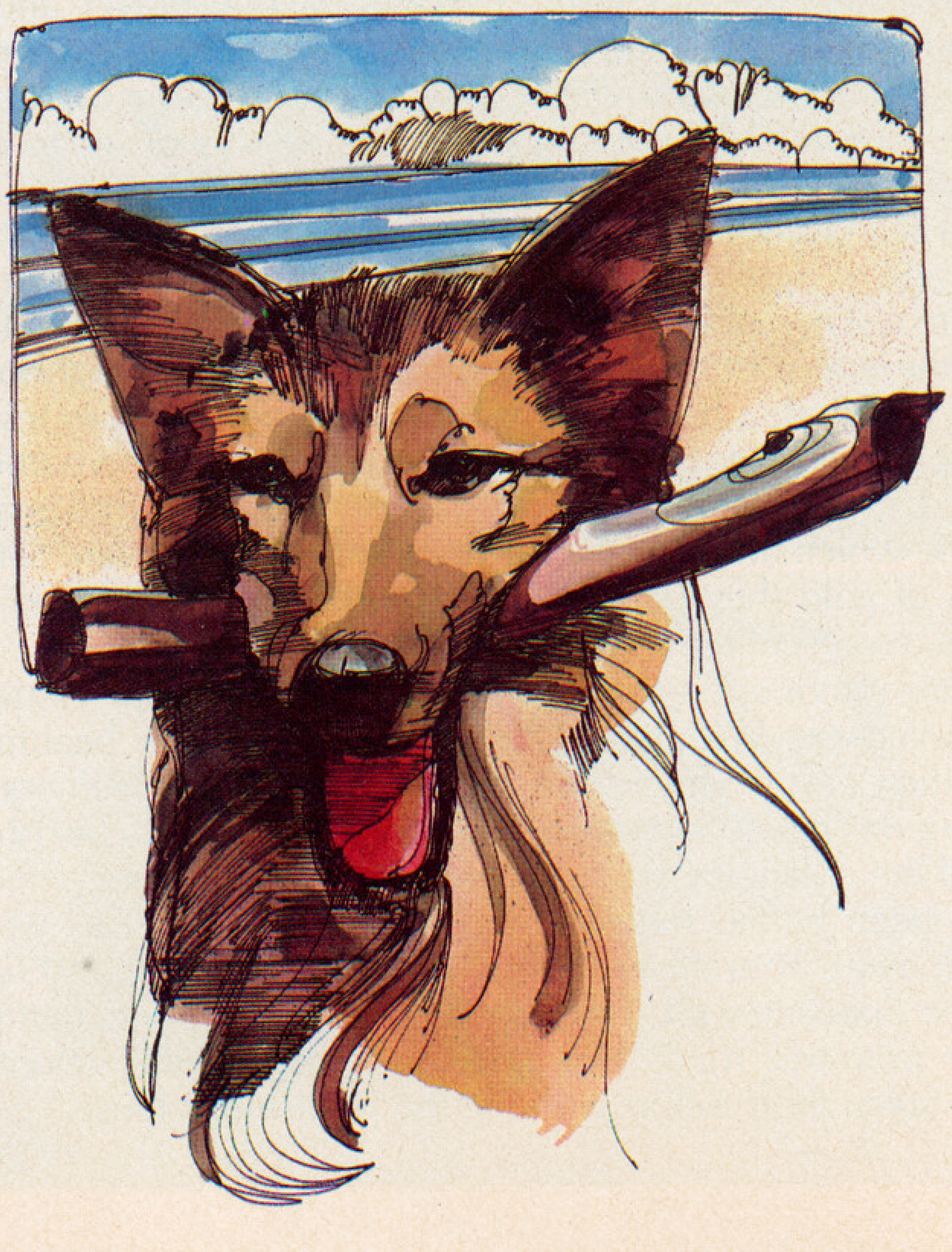

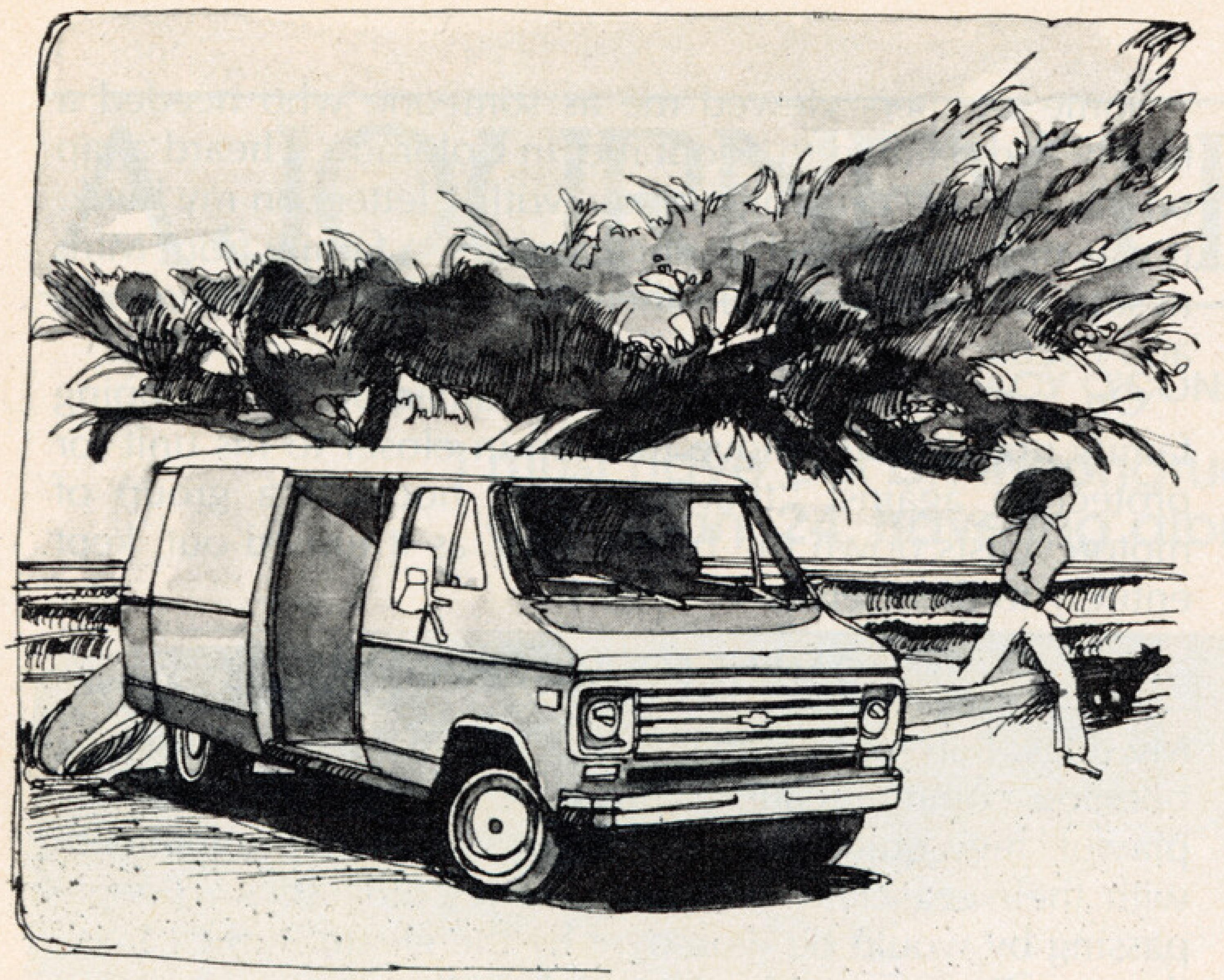

"My adventure taught me as much about my own makeup as it did about the historical and geographic area I explored"

manned their expensive and complex equipment. First one, then gradually the whole group of 20 or so, came to film every angle of the dogs drinking water. Then Baron brought a stick, taking it to first one then another of the photographers, until one tossed it, launching the game those capering canines never tired of. The foreign tourists laughed with glee and stepped up their shutter speeds and their efforts to capture the action.

FEW WORRIES, MANY PLEASURES

There were some worries on the trip. In one frightening race against the gas tank in North Dakota, prayer and a good tail wind (more than the supply of fuel) got me through numerous towns which somehow earned names and signs, but had nothing to offer in the way of services. I finally reached one town that included a gas pump.

In Las Vegas, I camped on "the Strip," to me an overrated barrage of lights and transferring wealth. Before venturing out to test my luck (and lose the handful of change I allotted for the expedition), I visited with my camping neighbors. The husband, a horticulturist from California, was in town for a convention. He had some Indian ancestry and participated in competitive Indian dances. His wife did beadwork, which adorned the fur-lined walls of their van. Samples of gold they panned on various trips were stored in vials, representing another hobby.

One minor upset marred my trip. A sense of hopelessness engulfed me in California when, following the beautiful Pacific Coast Highway which winds in a serpentine course along the nation's western boundary, I heard a crash behind me. Glancing back, I saw my bed and dresser, which had been bolted together and to the side panel as well, pitch away from their mooring and into the closet attached to the opposite wall. Thousands of miles of driving, rattling over primitive roads and lurching through rough country had taken their toll in working the furnishings loose.

Stopping, I replaced everything, tightened the screws back into place and got under way again, only to have the episode repeated a few miles farther on. When this happened a third time, I was ready to cry, for visions of having to purchase tools and make major renovations along the highway floated past.

What would happen now? Would I have to lay the dresser on the floor on its back for the rest of the journey? For whatever reason, after packing everything back in place, I encountered no further difficulty for the duration of the trip.

Sometimes, to avoid the hassle of starting a fire in the damp and frequently cold mornings, I would get under way and pause at a truck stop after a couple hours of driving. My breakfast choice was invariably pancakes—hot, cheap and filling, and I was frequently surprised by the size of the portions. For 75 cents, on more than one occasion, I got a stack of three generous-size pancakes and a waitress with a seemingly bottomless pitcher of coffee making constant rounds for refills.

One Sunday morning I stopped at a spot which was evidently the after-church meeting place for the local people, as it was filled with older men along the counter reading the papers, and families dressed for church eating around tables. Having requested my usual order, I gasped audibly at the size of the fare set before me—three pancakes so thick and large that they almost draped over the edge of the platter.

Two older men, farther down the counter, turned to notice, and one remarked, "Looks like three flying saucers have landed." They discussed the probabilities of my being able to consume that much. When, with a sigh, I mopped the last of the syrup with the last forkful of pancakes, they uttered exclamations of surprise at my success.

EXPLORING MY COUNTRY, I DISCOVERED MYSELF

I felt a sadness as my last evening on the road came. I had experienced a peace and inner contentment as I hiked the trails in the Rockies, watched the sun set over the Pacific, inspected the frail beauty of the mountain flowers which grew above the glaciers.

I felt a sense of oneness with the bands of travelers with which I moved, and as I walked slowly down from the bathhouse in the dusk that last evening on the road, I felt a sorrow to know it would all end.

The fires glowed at the campsites of other highway hobos like myself, and the urge to pursue the road, on and on, was strong. I was torn, knowing that the next day I would be back home, wondering if I should head north into Canada as I had at one time planned to do on this trip and make another whole adventure happen there.

No, I decided. Responsibility waited at home, and that was where I headed, getting an early start to beat the South Dakota sun. Canada, Mexico, Alaska, places I had pondered incorporating into this trip, would wait for a later time when I could see them with my husband.

Even if I never get to see those places, I am content with what I have seen. I know that the rolling hills, verdant fields, and lush vegetation of my Wisconsin home hold their own attractiveness that rivals the stark majesty of the mountains or the lonely splendor of the shore.

It takes a certain kind of person to tackle such a trip, I suppose. But for me it was my single greatest experience, for my adventure taught me as much about my own makeup as it did about the historical and geographic area that I explored. □

FOUR ON THE FLOOR CHEVY STYLE.

CHEVY 4-WHEELERS ARE THE MOST POPULAR IN AMERICA.

In the first 10 months of 1977, R. L. Polk & Co. registrations of Chevrolet 4-wheel-drive Blazers, Suburbans and Pickups were 25% ahead of the nearest sales competitor. It's not surprising when you look at what Chevy has to offer.

FULL-TIME 4-WHEEL DRIVE. It comes when you order a Chevy 4x4 with available automatic transmission. This gives you impressive off-road and on-highway traction. And all controls are inside the cab so you don't have to get out to lock or unlock the hubs. Conventional 4-wheel drive comes with manual transmission.

CHEVY PICKUPS. Tough, smooth-riding 4x4 pickups take on work or play 2-wheel-drive pickups can't. They're available in 1/2-ton and 3/4-ton Fleetside and Stepside models as well as 1-ton Fleetsides.

BLAZER. The Chevy that's long on short cuts. Blazer carries up to five with available seating and can still hold plenty of gear. 89.6 cu. ft. with the available new rear seat folded up. A steel front half-top and a removable fiberglass-reinforced plastic top come standard.

SUBURBAN. Super-wagon! It can seat and hold more than ordinary wagons. With available seating it carries up to nine in comfort. With the second seat folded down and the third seat removed, it can hold up to 144 cu. ft. of cargo. Tows a wide range of trailers, too. For more on Chevy's tough 4-wheelers, see your Chevy dealer.

Note: Chevy trucks are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

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CHEVY TRUCKS

BUILT TO STAY TOUGH.

CHEVY SPORT STEPSIDE FOREGROUND: OWNER-CUSTOMIZED PICKUP AT REAR.

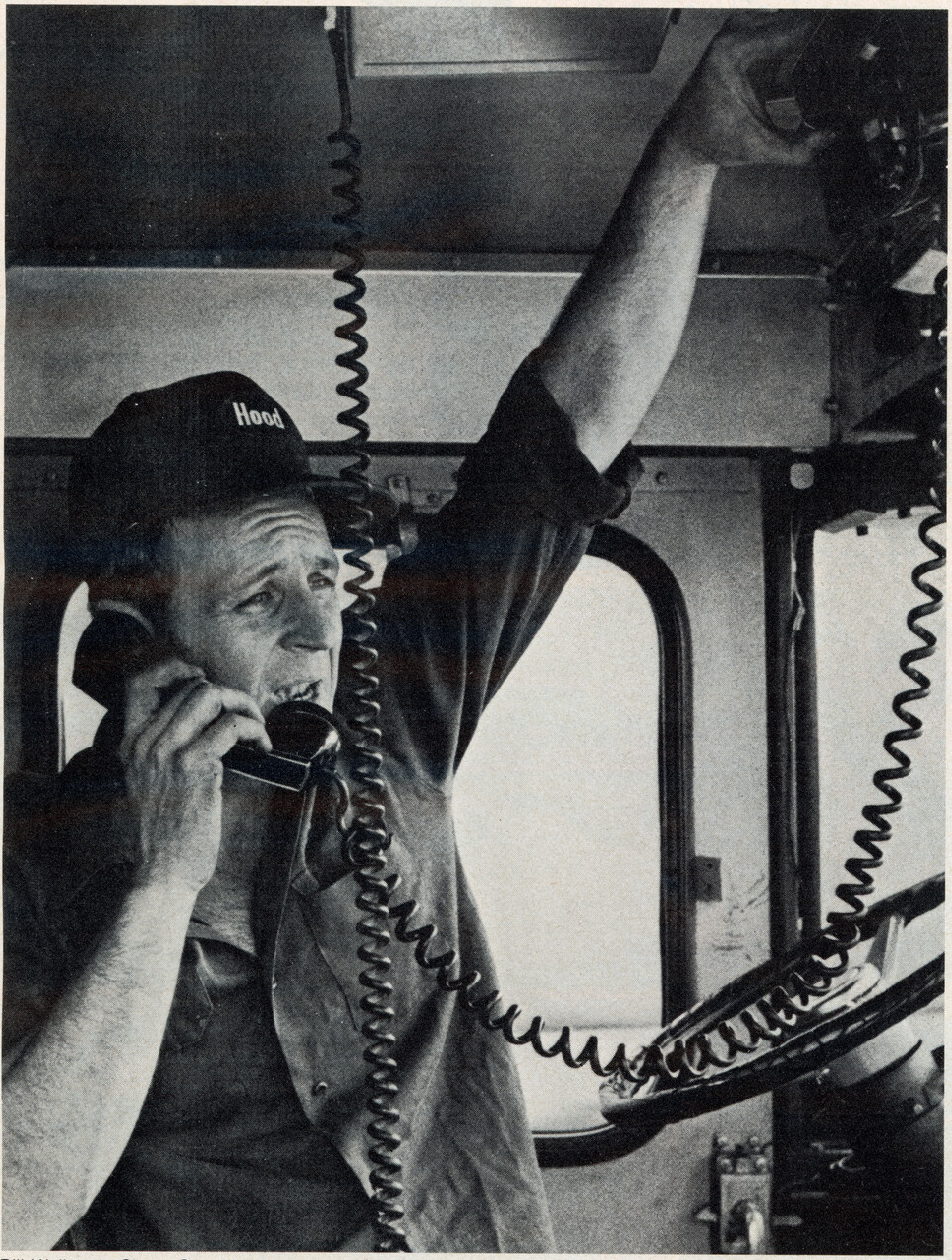
CHEVY 4WD SUBURBAN.

CHEVY 4WD BLAZER.

EX-CON STEALS A PAGE FROM THE BIBLE

BY MICHAEL PHILIP MANHEIM

Bill Wallace spent eight years behind prison bars. Today he operates by name and deed as a good Samaritan to stranded motorists



Bill Wallace's Chevy Step-Van is equipped with a complete radio-telephone communications system.

When a winter 12-inch snowstorm hit the Boston area, Bill Wallace got into gear. Driving a truck along a 14-mile stretch of crowded expressway, he began looking for trouble—and doing something about it.

He bailed out 11 motorists in distress on one day—for free—as a public service sponsored by a Boston-based dairy- and food-products company eager to retain over a century of accumulated goodwill.

"Milkmen were always there when you needed help," Bill Wallace explains. "They delivered babies, shod horses, put out fires, and became the best public relations people that anyone could ask for."

But when home delivery became a losing proposition for H.P. Hood, Inc., and was discontinued, the company cast about for ways to continue its tradition of public service.

HOOD SAMARITAN

A professional public relations man, Tom McCann, sold his client on the idea of sending out a "Hood Samaritan" in a maroon machine that looked like the traditional milk truck. And, in a double play on words, he came up with the "hood" to operate it.

Bill Wallace is a 31-year-old Lynn, Massachusetts, native who, three years ago, was a prison inmate ripe for an opportunity to go straight. He had been in and out of prisons in Massachusetts, California and New York since 1965, spending a total of eight and a half years behind bars on three different counts of armed robbery.

"It's safe to say I didn't have a long employment record," he wryly recounts. In 1975 Wallace produced and acted in a Massachusetts prison's

A highway Samaritan helps in many ways: getting a vapor-locked car started and giving advice to its owner; putting out a grass fire alongside the expressway; supplying gas to a stalled van.

theatrical presentation for which PR man McCann served as an outside consultant. They became friends, and a work-release program opened up an opportunity to change the Wallace employment record.

"I was phenomenally lucky," Bill says, "because I had Tom McCann's support and trust. I needed a job and he invented one, then sold Hood on the idea of hiring me."

First step was to create a rescue vehicle.

"We picked a Chevy Step-Van for good reasons," according to the Hood Samaritan. "It resembled a milk truck, of course, and it was big enough to carry everything I needed."

The van, in fact, was better equipped than was Bill to deal with mechanical breakdowns. "When I started this job, I'd never fixed a flat in my life," Bill readily admits, "but I was willing, and that's what counts.

"I became an expert at jury rigging—always on the lookout for something that might get the job done—from stainless-steel tape for patching radiator hoses to long magnets for picking up nuts and bolts that fall into out-of-the-way places."

At the beginning of each run, everything the Hood Samaritan might need is in its place—neatly arranged brackets, shelves or work kits. There are tools, fire extinguishers, medical case (he's a trained emergency medical technician), spare tires, jacks, hot-start battery charger, a broom, gasoline, water and much more, including a complete communications system.

The van, bristling with radio antennas, has CB, a 10-channel emergency-band scanner, mobile telephone, public-address system, plus ground-to-air communications.

Local radio station WBZ's traffic reporter, Joe Green, works in liaison with the Hood Samaritan during morning and evening rush hours, spotting everything from breakdowns to highway debris from his helicopter. "Nobody else has Joe Green asking, 'Hey—the street's dirty. Sweep it up, will you?'" Bill quips.

CAPE SAMARITAN

Sometimes Bill goes on the air himself. Last summer he ran a Cape Samaritan project for the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce that included his own on-the-air traffic reports. This summer Bill is reporting on all five Cape Cod radio stations and sending a report along to Boston as well. But the Cape Samaritan hasn't impeded the Hood Samaritan's operation.

On January 1, 1977, Bill Wallace went into business for himself, incorporating as an independent contractor who signed on his first customer, H.P. Hood, Inc. Hood helped him with start-up costs and with arrangements to gradually acquire ownership of the van. And by mid-1977, Wallace had taken on an employe, parolee Bill Ackerman, to run the bulk of the Hood Samaritan shifts.

"I still get out on the van as much as I can, and fill in for Ackerman when he's sick or worked to death," said Bill Wallace. "I'd rather be out running a truck than running around talking to companies. But I've been given a fantastic opportunity, and it's up to me to make it work for other ex-cons."

Bill Wallace plans to put three more trucks on the road this year—one more in the Boston area, one in mid-Massachusetts and one in Providence, Rhode Island. He's been negotiating with potential clients.

"All my trucks are going to be handled by ex-offenders, people on parole or on work-release," Bill declares. "I don't think anyone else can do a better job, with more enthusiasm."

OFF-HIGHWAY SAMARITAN, TOO

Bill Wallace himself has demonstrated those traits. He's not only become a success—he's become a symbol—and a person who performs an even greater public service by sharing his life's experiences with others.

Wallace works with agencies and schools concerned with young people who encounter problems. He frequently participates as a speaker in schools, in adult programs and in discussion panels concerned with crime and justice.

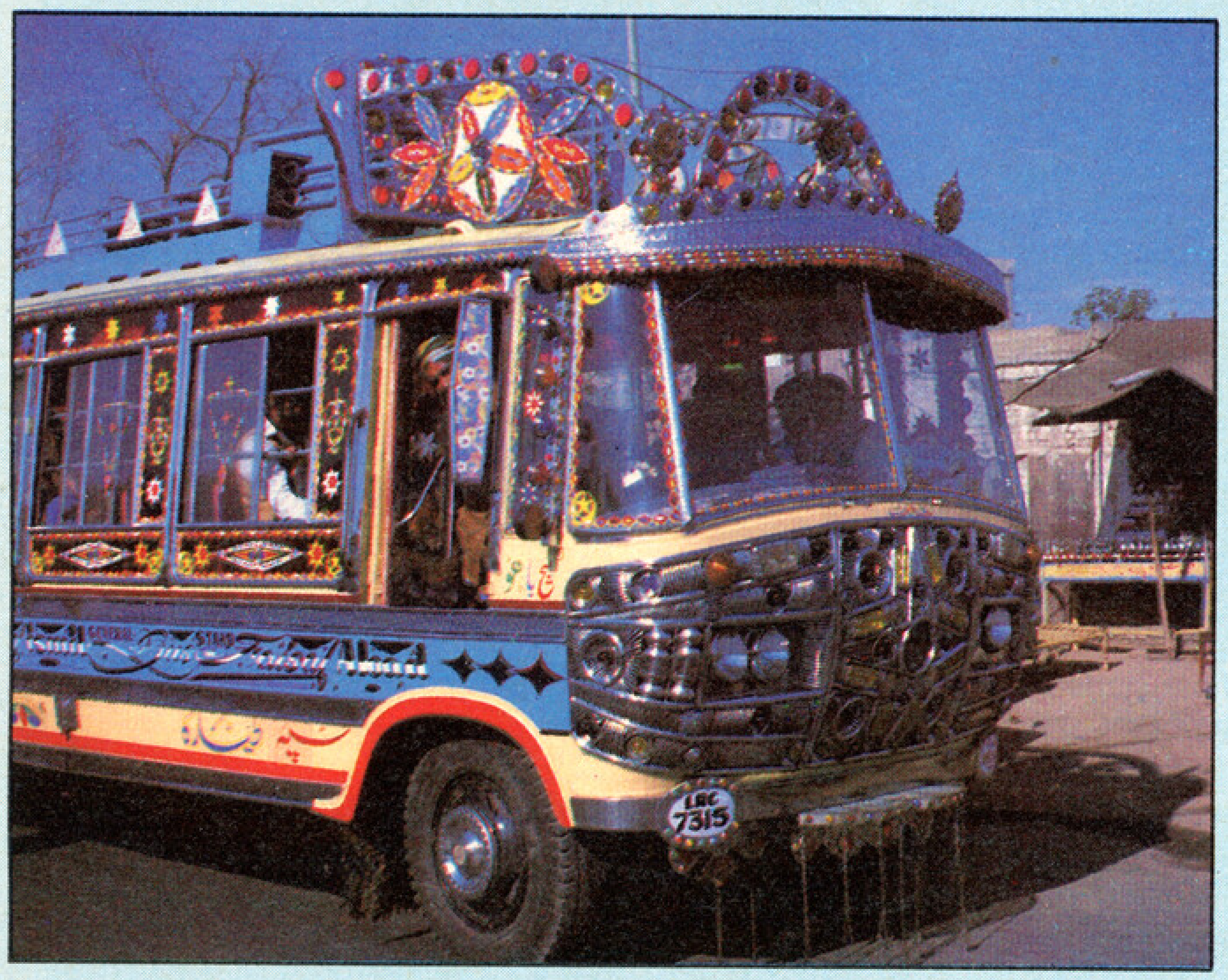
He's also taken on the role of confidant, counselor, sports director and all-around big brother for potential school dropouts. He makes it clear to kids what a "bum trip" crime is, and gives an example of helping instead.

Being a Samaritan is not without its embarrassing moments, however. "I do a lot of riding in breakdown lanes," explains Bill, "and that means I'm always going over debris that piles up at the side of the road."

So more than once Joe Green has boomed out to his listening audience: "Don't forget the Hood Samaritan out on the highway. Bill Wallace is out there to assist you in case of a breakdown. Right now, he's out on Route 93 fixing a flat tire—his own."

Bill Wallace just laughs. It's all part of the job. □

TAILGATE



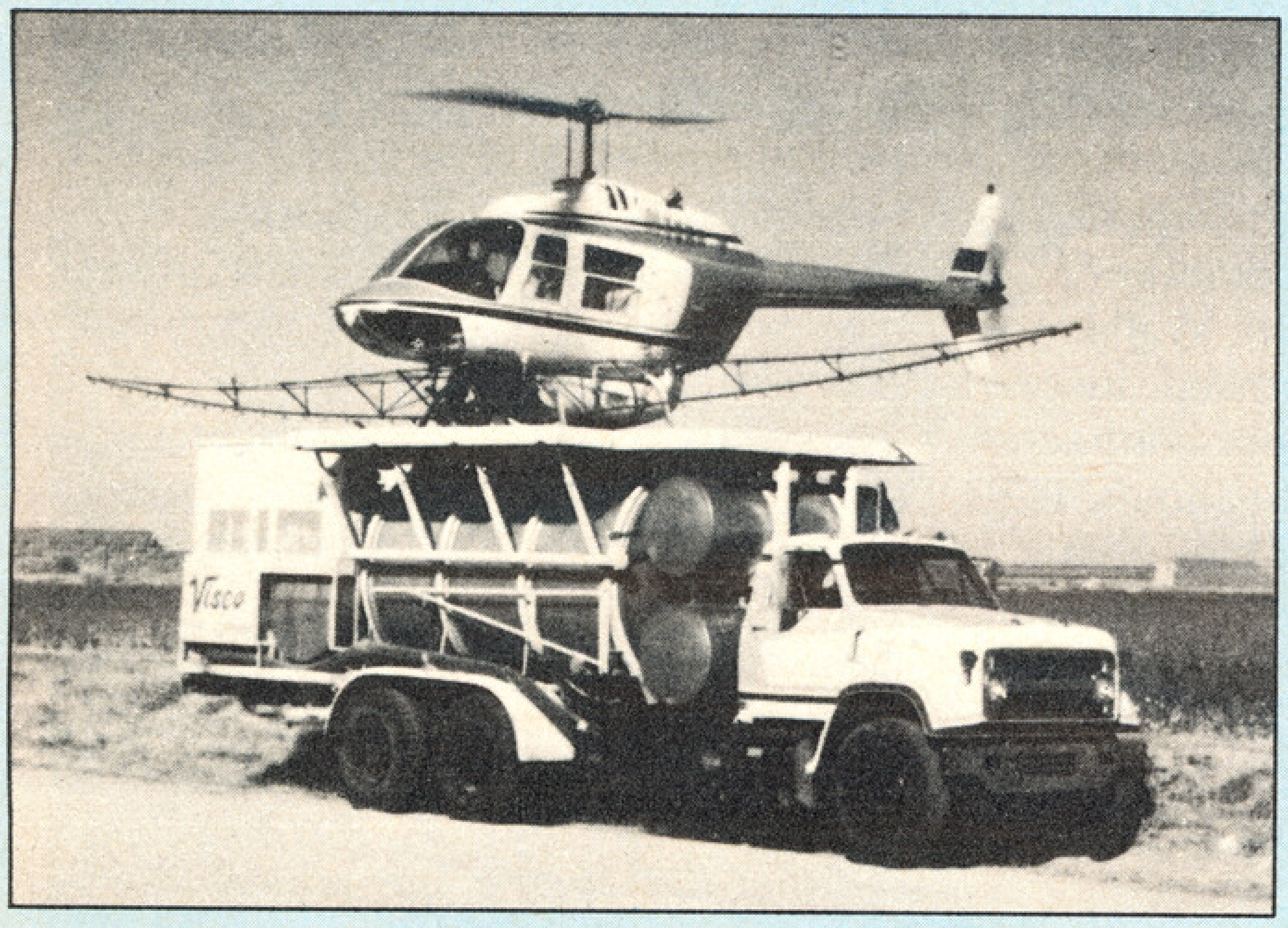
MOVING PICTURES

By Mary Ellen Gorham

In the United States, decoratively painted vans are unusual enough to attract attention on highways and parking lots. But in Pakistan, the picture of a fierce lion or of palm trees waving in tropical breezes is commonplace on vehicles. Most Pakistani buses, trucks and even small three-wheel taxis are decorated with elaborately painted scenes.

The Pakistani countryside is often arid and flat, and itinerate painters seek to relieve the monotony with their bright artwork. Drivers enhance the paintings with mirrors, fake glass jewels and shimmering metal disks. Both painters and drivers are immensely proud of the masterpieces that individualize each vehicle.

But, after all, isn't this also true in the U.S. where owners compete for the most original artwork on their vans?



CHEVROLET HELIPORTS?

Clay Williams, president of Del Norte Chevrolet in Brawley, California, reports on the unusual use a local company has made of two large Chevrolet trucks purchased recently through his dealership.

Visco Flying Company has adapted the trucks for use as helicopter landing ports for its crop dusting and spraying operations. Each truck holds 3,000 gallons of water and is outfitted with pumps and sophisticated metering equipment to mix chemicals with water.

The helicopter lands on the 12- by 12-foot hydraulically operated landing ramp atop the truck, refills and takes off to spray the field. Meanwhile, another batch of chemical is being prepared.

Because one helicopter can cover a tremendous amount of acreage per day, this method reduces costs to the farmer.

SALUTE SALUTE SALUTE

FRIENDS awards a SALUTE CERTIFICATE to every Chevrolet dealer and member of the staff nominated in a letter from a Chevy owner for exceptional courtesy and service. On behalf of the dealers, FRIENDS extends thanks to all the readers who write to salute a dealer.

This month FRIENDS Magazine salutes 22 Chevrolet dealers who were recipients of TIME Magazine's Quality Dealer Award for 1978. Sponsored by TIME, in cooperation with the National Automobile Dealers Association, the award annually honors outstanding new car dealers for "exceptional performance in their dealerships combined with distinguished community service." The following Chevrolet dealer winners were chosen by a panel of judges from the University of Michigan Graduate School of Business Administration:

W. H. "Andy" Anderson
Anderson Chevrolet-Olds, Inc.
Waynesville, North Carolina

Jerry Camp
Camp Chevrolet, Inc.
Spokane, Washington

Thomas J. DeFelice
Circle Chevrolet Company
Shrewsbury, New Jersey

W. W. Doran
Doran Chevrolet, Inc.
Hobbs, New Mexico

Dryden C. Dutch
Dutch Chevrolet, Inc.
Belfast, Maine

George R. Evans, Jr.
Evans Chevrolet-Cadillac, Inc.
Bluefield, West Virginia

Ed Fitzgerald
Courtesy Chevrolet
Phoenix, Arizona

Ebb Glockner
Glockner Chevrolet
Portsmouth, Ohio

Robert E. Graue
Graue-Sawicki Chevrolet
Lincoln, Illinois

Gordon E. Hennington, Jr.
Hennington Chevrolet, Inc.
Hamburg, Arkansas

Roger W. Holler, Jr.
Roger Holler Chevrolet Co.
Winter Park, Florida

Ben F. Hormel
Hormel Chevrolet, Inc.
McCook, Nebraska

Kenny Kent
Kenny Kent Chevrolet Co., Inc.
Evansville, Indiana

Leo L. Levien
Levien Chevrolet Company
Fort Dodge, Iowa

Donald C. MacMulkin
MacMulkin Chevrolet, Inc.
Nashua, New Hampshire

John A. Marhofer
Pride Chevrolet, Inc.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Bob McDorman
Bob McDorman Chevrolet, Inc.
Canal Winchester, Ohio

Gilbert Saxowsky
Sax Motor Co.
Dickinson, North Dakota

J. A. Schultz
Anschuetz-Schultz Chevrolet
Alpena, Michigan

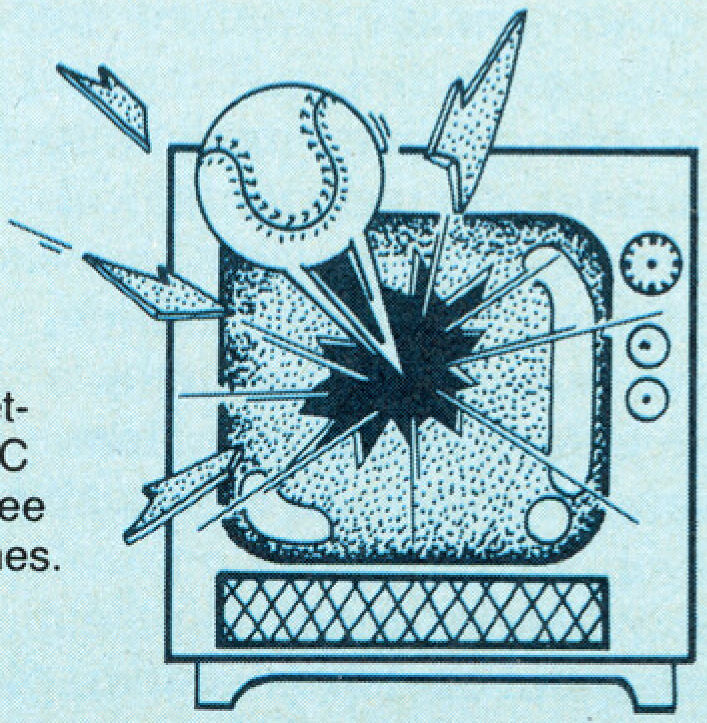
Harry Vickery
Vickery Chevrolet-Oldsmobile
Greenville, Mississippi

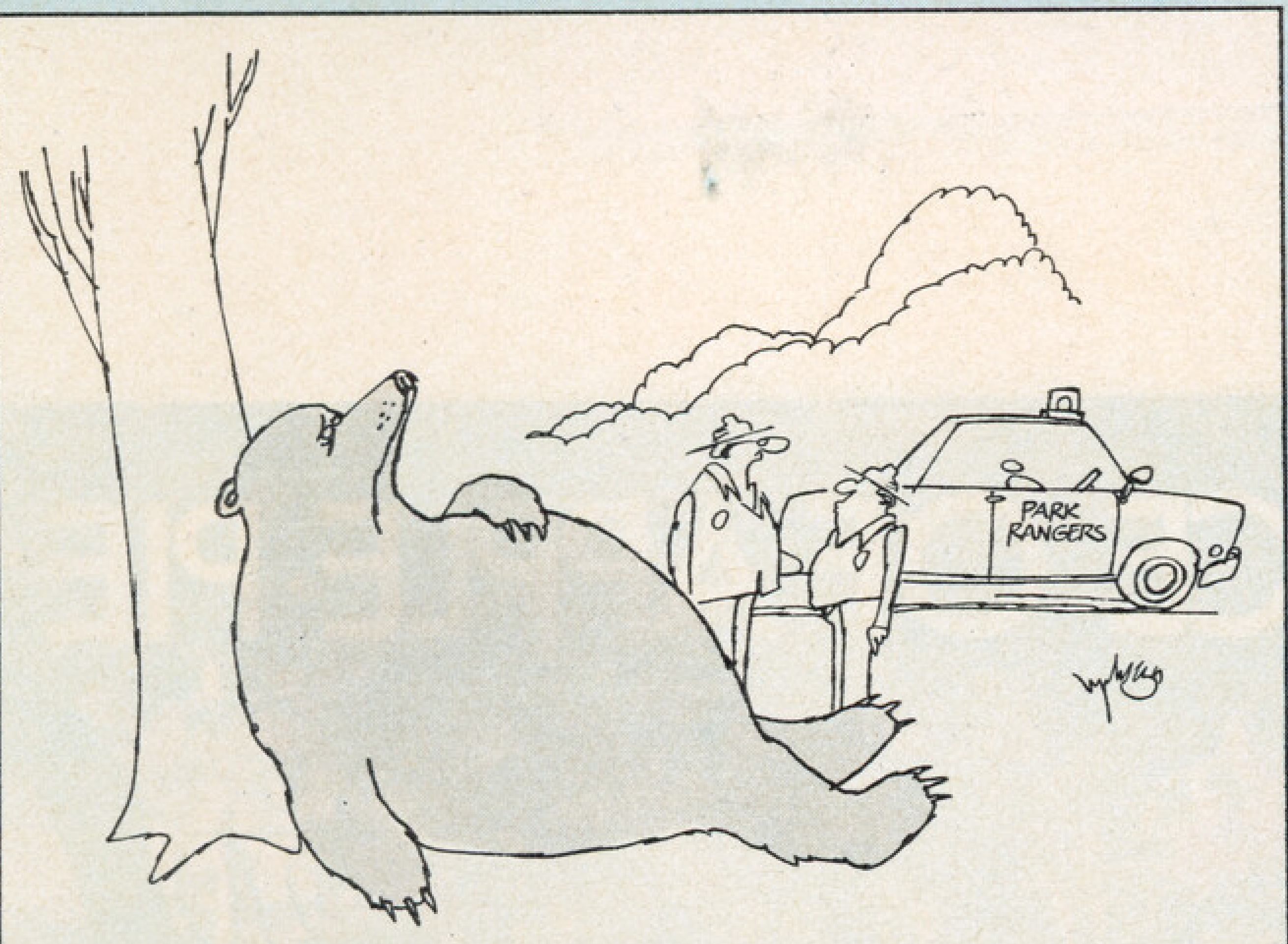
Hugh B. Warren
Service Chevrolet Company
Ada, Oklahoma

Hal Watkins
Hal Watkins Chevrolet, Inc.
Oxnard, California

BASEBALL AND CHEVROLET

Be sure to watch Chevrolet-sponsored baseball on ABC Monday night television. See your local TV listing for times.





"You try mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and I'll call the vet . . ."

Letters

LITTLE FIRE ENGINE

When I bought my red Chevy pickup in the spring of '76, I had no idea I'd enjoy it so much. I really didn't have a special need for a pickup, but I fell in love with the stepside styling.

A short time later I became a reserve fire fighter and was glad I had chosen red for the color. With the flasher on the top, it looks like a little fire engine.

I think the truck is exceptional and has performed fantastically. It gets me to the fire station in all kinds of weather. Thanks for a great product!

James Landis
Wyoming, Michigan

MORT'S GUIDE

In the "Campus Vacations" article in April FRIENDS, a paperback is mentioned: *Mort's Guide to Low-Cost Vacations & Lodgings on College Campuses.* I have tried bookstores in Pittsburgh and checked *Books in Print* and *Forthcoming Books,* and find no reference to this title. Can you tell me how to obtain a copy?

Mary A. Hupp
Fairmont, West Virginia

Other readers have written to say they can't find Mort's Guide *in their local bookstores either. The book was reprinted recently, so it may take a while to get to the bookstores. However, you can order the book through CMG Publishing Company, Box 630, Princeton, NJ 08540. Send a check for $5.00 (the cost of the book). Allow a few weeks for delivery.*

STRONG CUSTOMERS

We have been Chevrolet dealers for 23 years. For 22 of those years in succession, we have delivered a new car to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tukey of Chamberlain, Maine. They recently purchased a 1978 Chevrolet Caprice. I feel that these special customers deserve recognition.

Robert D. Strong, President
Strong Chevrolet, Inc.

Customers like the Tukeys are what has made Chevrolet a success over the years. On the other hand, both Strong and Chevrolet must be doing something right to keep the Tukeys—and customers like them—coming back year after year.

FRIENDS ADDRESS CORRECTION OR CHANGE (please print)

address correction ☐ change of address ☐

My Chevrolet dealer ____________________

Address ____________________

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My name ____________________

Correct or new address ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

When cutting out coupon, be sure to make a big enough cut so that your old mailing address label on reverse side is included. Send to: **Circulation Dept., FRIENDS Magazine, P.O. Box 126, Detroit, Michigan 48231.** 7/78

VROOM . . .

Why aren't side pipes available on Corvettes anymore?

Robert J. Hoffer
Charlottesville, Virginia

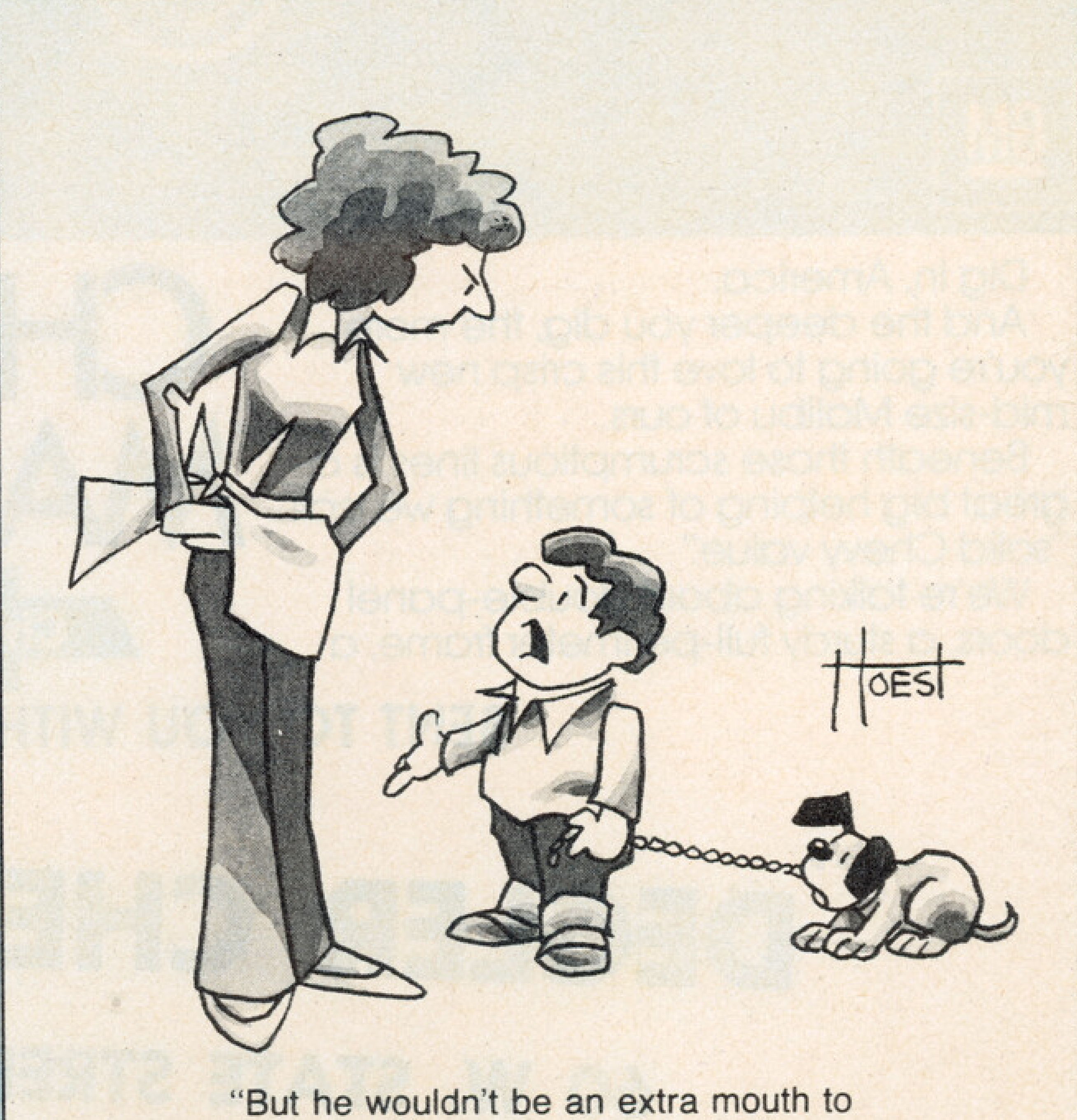
The side pipes were discontinued when states began passing noise-control laws. Although some states may not yet have such laws, Chevrolet discontinued the option entirely because there is no way of knowing in what state a car may eventually end up.

BY GEORGE!

We have just returned from a 35-day trip through the mountains of Mexico with a 250-trailer caravan. During this time it became evident that there were two groups—those who towed with Suburbans and those who wished they did. And, by George, we were happy to be in the first group. Our C10 is a gem!

George D. James, Jr.
Unadilla, New York

We couldn't have said it better ourselves. Suburbans are truly a fine answer for any camper who wants to pull a trailer. Bet some of your fellow campers will be looking at Suburbans next time they shop for a replacement vehicle.



"But he wouldn't be an extra mouth to feed if we got rid of daddy."

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And the deeper you dig, the more you're going to love this crisp new mid-size Malibu of ours.

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We're talking about double-panel doors, a sturdy full-perimeter frame, a Delco Freedom battery that never needs refilling, a front stabilizer bar, and extensive corrosion-resisting treatments.

We're talking about a trunk with more usable space than last year's Malibu, an interior with more head room and leg room.

We're talking about a whole lot of car for your hard-earned bucks, America. And we're talking your language there.

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Chevrolet

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